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A SUNNY DAY
Illustration by Doris Ulmann for "Roll, Jordan, Roll."

A Modern Analysis of Progress and Poverty

SOCIAL CREDIT. By C. H. Douglas. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

BETWEEN the gospel that Major Douglas has been preaching during the past fifteen years and the gospel that Henry George pressed upon the attention of the world half a century ago in his "Progress and Poverty," there is an interesting resemblance and an interesting contrast. Henry George proved, to his own satisfaction and that of a host of enthusiastic followers, that the persistence (or, as he asserted, the increase) of poverty in the face of economic progress was due to a single cause, obviously removable by a single remedy. Major Douglas, in his preface to the present edition of "Social Credit," speaks of "the instant necessity," felt by large numbers of people in every country, "of finding an explanation of the paradox of poverty amid plenty"; and, like Henry George, he has no doubt that a single explanation exists, and that he has found the single explanation and the corresponding single and complete remedy.

Besides this broad resemblance there are others more special; but there is a contrast quite as broad as the resemblance. Henry George's explanation of poverty was not only single, but simple—the private ownership of land; and his remedy was likewise simple—the virtual abolition of that ownership by confiscatory taxation. And on both points his argument, though abundantly open to rebuttal, is a model of lucidity and definiteness. Major Douglas's problem is not primarily the problem of poverty alongside of riches, but the problem of general prosperity begetting general distress, a far more intricate question. If, therefore, his argument were merely more recondite or more complex than Henry George's, he could not be held to blame; but unfortunately the contrast lies not so much in its complexity or reconditeness as in its elusiveness and obscurity. In the recent book on "Money" by a group of Oxford economists, under the direction of G. D. H. Cole, no less than twenty-three large

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Plantation Lore

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL. The text by Julia Peterkin, the photographic studies by Doris Ulmann. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by WELBOURN KELLEY

ALL good South Carolinians have three salient characteristics: they believe that theirs is the last home of true Southern chivalry and aristocracy, they think that Ambrose Gonzales was the greatest writer of regional literature who ever lived, and they love and respect Julia Peterkin. Only about a third of the population is lucky enough—through no one knows what manner of genealogical acrobatics—to call Mrs. Peterkin "Cousin Julia." The others have to be content merely with "Miss Julia."

In her latest book, a romantic ethnology of the Gullah Negro, illustrated with seventy often superb photographs by Doris Ulmann, Mrs. Peterkin bids for a place beside Gonzales in the critical esteem of her own State. Not that any South Carolinian, from the Little Peedee to

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To the Queen's Men

By JOHN A. HOLMES

"ONE word, that has my sorrow for a sound—"
The hard unhappy queen of England said—
"One word for grief and glory will be found
Written upon my heart when I am dead."

And every day, O every day I see
Her peoples pass. They sleep not well at night,
Yet go with royal grace by day, as free
As if that burden in the breast were slight.

The queen is dead. Long live her troubled kind.
Their speech is salty and their patience brief.
Their ecstasies are tangled in the mind.
A season seems to overwhelm their grief,
But pulling the boughs of summer down they find
The signature of autumn on the leaf.

The Liberals Grow Old

BY BERNARD SMITH

WE speak glibly of "the liberal critics," as though they were a coherent group with a philosophy, a method, and a mood which each shares and each contributes to—as though, indeed, there were many of them. Yet if we were to compose a list of those whom we habitually but rather vaguely regard as liberals, we should discover our list to be astonishingly shorter than we had supposed it would be; and we would soon realize that we can no longer intelligently define liberalism in such a way as to include the ideas of even three or four currently practising critics.

Where, for example, is the point of contact between Ludwig Lewisohn and Stark Young? Who can imagine Mr. Lewisohn returning from Italy to write the sort of adulatory articles about the fascist fatherland that Mr. Young published in *The New Republic* some time ago? And where does Malcolm Cowley, who is sympathetic to the communists, meet Joseph Wood Krutch, who loathes them? And what is there common to the *Hound and Horn* clique and the editors of the Book-of-the-Month Club? "Liberalism" is a meaningless classification if it does not distinguish between such diverse minds; and it is equally meaningless if we qualify it with distinctions, as is really necessary.

To those who will not admit that the species is becoming rare, we invite a count. Randolph Bourne is an honored but dim memory, and Peck less honored and dimmer. James Oppenheim is dead. Edmund Wilson, Granville Hicks, Clifton Fadiman, and Newton Arvin have moved over, with varying degrees of emphasis, from the dwindling center toward the swelling left, while Matthew Josephson is not far behind and Waldo Frank, vehement as ever, is far ahead. Robert Cantwell and others of the younger men who write in liberal journals are quietly radical, and Allen Tate and his friends, on the other hand, are obscurely reactionary. Add to these several proud individualists who occupy an indeterminate or unclarified position—Kenneth Burke, for instance — and liberalism is finally reduced to a minor party, and one which does not include within it many of the most exciting critics of our day.

Who remain? Besides those we have already named, there are Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Henry Hazlitt, the Van Dorens, Professor Lovett — a heterogeneous company, rich in accomplishment but poor in youth, and even in accomplishment so familiar that surely no one looks to them for further illumination of the old liberal idealism or for new and stronger statements of it. We know just about what to expect from them, and we do them no injustice by asking whether our literary community awaits their future work with eagerness and anticipation.

We are considering only those to whom we have some definite reason to apply the liberal tag. Let us not discuss those whom we have come to think of as liberals merely because we do not know how else to think of them—the critics who tread carefully the middle path simply because they are too timid to tread another, or who are tolerant because they are good-natured, or skeptical because they know too little about everything to believe firmly in anything. Limit the field as we will, however, we still cannot obtain the sense of a movement. We are not slyly recalling our surrendered desire for a definition when we endeavor to find among the more intelligent and purposeful some animating spirit, some impersonal ambition, or some ideal, no matter how amorphous, that all are unselfishly, passionately striving to materialize. We seek in vain.

Are we asking too much? It was not so before or during the war. Then, too, there were various liberalisms; it was fairly clear that Brooks, Huneker, and Spingarn had different, even opposed, ends in view. But there was somehow a feeling that in certain respects they were allies in a common cause. There were principles that related them almost as powerful as those which separated them. Art had to be rescued from gentility and provincialism. It had to be made free and experimental; realism, as the twentieth century understands the term, had to be sanctioned. The artist had to be liberated from his bondage to the bourgeois ruling classes. The pursuit of esthetic truth had to be given once more its ancient dignity, long lost in a crassly materialistic civilization. A culture worthy of a great state had to be created out of the wealth of that state's brief, vivid history.

No comparable urge or quest stirs the liberal critics today. A school girl could see what they do not want, but a clairvoyant could not perceive what they want. They make us suspect that they themselves are unclear about their desires or uncertain about their pertinency to the issues of this tumultuous period. It even occurs to us that perhaps as a group they have no very specific desires! Perhaps all the smaller, the tangible and immediate goals promised by liberalism have been reached, and the vision of a reasonable and pacific life that has been the core of its striving has faded—faded because the means by which its attainment was held to be feasible have been proven, by history itself, to be utopian; and faded also, it may well be, because that conception of the good life has come to seem less

This Week

PILGRIM OF THE APOCALYPSE
By HORACE GREGORY
Reviewed by Henry Tracy

JOHN RUSKIN
By R. H. WILENSKI
Reviewed by Amabel Williams-Ellis

INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES
By C. O. SYLVESTER MAWSON
Reviewed by Alfred H. Holt

SARAH BERNHARDT
By G. G. GELLER
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE
By G. WILSON KNIGHT
Reviewed by Paul Elmer More

Next Week or Later

MAURICE HEWLETT
By RICHARD CHURCH

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lovely with the realization of how much of the past it retains. Liberalism is individualism, although not of the "rugged" type—and individualism as a social premise, and hence as the cultural base of esthetic and philosophical criticism, is hardly sacrosanct today.

It is obvious that we are drawing a parallel to politics. It is justified. What has happened to the liberal political parties the world over we all know; but, curiously, the analogous fate of the liberal groups in the realm of thought is not so widely comprehended. Liberalism in all its forms has changed. After one regiment marched to the right and another to the left, there remained a small camp of conscientious objectors and they have since devoted themselves principally to *criticizing*. Their period of creation is apparently finished forever. Their sweet vision is a memory which acts mainly to breed in them uneasiness in the presence of other visions. It is now, in other words, a negative force, an impulse to dissension instead of union. Each clings to a private faith and they join only to belabor a faith that denies their right to privacy. Is it not true that during the last ten years the liberal critics have fought against numerous things and for nothing? We remember that in 1929 and 1930 when they set upon the miraculously reborn Humanists they had more than enough to say about the irrationality and superstition of the desperate, ill-tempered defenders of an archaic tradition, but they had no convincing ideal of their own to replace the one they were demolishing, although they confessed that not out of disbelief and detachment come great societies and great art. So today they have engaged the Marxists in mortal combat but do not themselves posit a way of life or a conception of art that could presumably satisfy insistent human needs. They are energetic, they fight, they even attack, but in behalf of naught.

And something happens to them as a consequence. It is difficult to generalize; Power, in philosophy as in politics, comes to those who are leaders and prophets—to those who have causes to uphold—not to the skeptic, however bilious and arrogant may be his defense of agnosticism. Waldo Frank in his "Rediscovery of America," written when he was still identified as a liberal, and Mr. Lewisohn are the exceptions; each has been able to keep alive a blazing fidelity to an ideal which pledges salvation to intellectual sinners. Both, however, conceived their gospels in the heat of emotions uncontaminated by reason and reality, and they are perverse almost to the point of being fantastic. The Humanists and the Marxists can make their audience angry or happy, but the liberals confirm their listeners' doubts or else make them melancholy.

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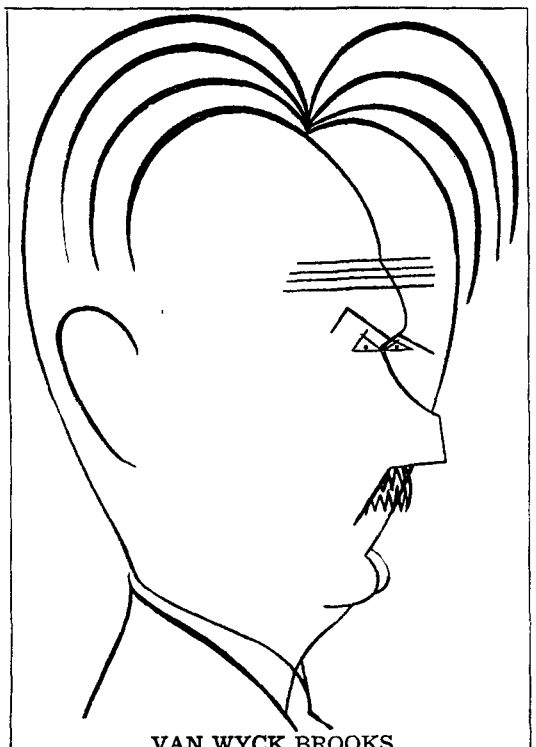
In a way, the fate of liberal criticism was foretold, soon after the war, in the career of Harold E. Stearns, who had come down from Harvard insisting that idealism need not be sentimental. It should, in fact, be tough and realistic, he said, and because he was himself unawed and inquisitive he was not absurd. His comments on his fellows in "Liberalism in America" (1919) were carefully aimed and just, and they supported the notion that here at last was a young man who could think for himself and do something about it. Two years later he brought out "America and the Young Intellectual," a collection of spirited essays, so hopeful, so confident in the will and the intelligence of the rising generation, that it seemed indeed that not all would succumb to the disillusionment and disgust of the post-Versailles reaction. Materialism and vulgarity would not, after all, conquer! In 1924 he edited his famous "Civilization in the United States," a volume suckled by sorrow and pain, and immediately fled to Paris, the Dôme, and silence. He came back last year to note with pleasure how pretty are the girls on Fifth Avenue.

We do not say that he is an exact symbol; there are some who have been less resilient. They have not, however, been more fortunate in retaining the buoyancy and the charming optimism of their past. Look, for evidence, at the transformation in the two who are still fiery. Mr. Frank's "Our America" (1919) had its faults, but it at least was vigorous and masculine. The seeds of dissolution were there—in the diffused and formless prose, the emotionalism, the violence—but health and sense were there, too. An even decade afterwards, he published "The Rediscovery of America," one of the most depressing books of our time. Beyond a few penetrating remarks on our poets and philosophers, it consisted wholly of an emotional fog of terrifying opaqueness. Metaphysical phrases, mysticism largely derived from Gurdjieff, an involved restatement of Van Wyck Brooks's old search for leadership, composed a muddled, morbid volume. Mr. Lewisohn's path may likewise be charted, although its end is not painful rapture but an excess of bitterness. Fifteen, twenty years ago he became distinguished as an enemy of gentility and a spokesman for moral freedom. Able and learned, his contributions to the literarian side of the critical wars were valuable and respected. Today he screams rancorously and peculiarly reactionary his present role is one need only bear in mind the present status of the liberal German bourgeoisie whose traditional manners and ideals he has so lovingly aspoused. Half of them are fascists, the rest scattered and impotent. They have failed as a class—and may we not therefore assume the failure of their civilization? It is that failure (which began long before the Nazi victory) that has left Mr. Lewisohn suspended in a philosophical void. No wonder he is bitter; he is alone. In his anguish, his despair at beholding the destruction of everything he has worshipped as good and right, his quasi-religious impulses have been intensified and his passion for personal liberty converted into an unhappy lust for spiritual anarchy. More and more his periodic manifestos (he never writes nowadays: he issues calls to arms) seem grotesque and irrelevant to the problems with which the rest of us are concerned.



VAN WYCK BROOKS
From a cartoon by Eva Herrmann in "On Parade" (Coward-McCann).

So much for the surviving "prophets." . . . There is still less to say about those who have never essayed prophetic roles. Such men as Carl Van Doren, Henry Seidel Canby, and Robert Morss Lovett have not retreated or deviated from their early standards of scholarship, tolerance, and critical realism, nor have they tortured themselves into becoming eccentrics or visionaries; they persist in being calm, honest, competent. But there was a time when those standards were creative, when they were active forces and represented that imprecise and ambiguous something known as progress; and that time is gone. Then they stood for deliverance from orthodoxies, rules, and the academy; now they are conventional. It is, of course, not they who have changed. They have been consistent, while the world around them has come forward to meet them, and there are legions of initiated today to balance the dull and the bigoted. Though they stand on high ground, they stand still—and that consistency is at once a virtue and a misfortune. They have gained a reputation as sensible critics and have lost their character as teachers and guides. . . .

But the real tragedy of liberal criticism lies elsewhere. No movement has ever centered about Mr. Lewisohn, and Professor Lovett has never pretended to leadership. The tragedy lies in the decline of the one group who had a vision, a technique, and a will that seemed strong and profound enough to accomplish the miracle: to establish the unity of art and culture; to encourage American artists to dissociate themselves from the ordinary pragmatic ambitions of a business society, and to fuse literary and social idealism to the end that art might be free and men just. Their critical acumen, their energy and influence were such that we often unconsciously think exclusively of them when we speak of liberalism, and we have not yet ceased to think of their leader, Van Wyck Brooks, as the liberal preëminent. This may be technically incorrect, but in a larger sense it is warranted, for the American liberal at his best has been an advocate of more than laissez-faire. He has had a dream about a way of life superior to any we have known and a theory about the way to achieve it, and Mr. Brooks has in his work expressed both more articulately, concretely, and the ultimate insight into the recent state of liberal criticism.

Mr. Brooks was twenty-nine years old when in 1915 he published "America's Coming-of-Age." It was an extremely important book. Interpreting American culture in the light of the Puritan and pioneer traditions, it laid open the essential practicality of the national mind and the immaturity of our esthetic tastes and our belles lettres. It pointed to the strangling effect upon the creative imagination of Calvinism and a commercial environment, and it condemned a civilization in which art is not a necessary part of life itself. In conclusion it demanded that "self-fulfilment" as an ideal be substituted for "self-assertion"—in short, socialism on the economic plane, and on every other plane "an object in living."

No less important was Mr. Brooks's next book, "Letters and Leadership" (1918). In it he completed his characterization of our society as an instrument for the diversion, instead of the release, of creative energy. He stigmatized our "aberrant individualism" as the cause and the result of our intellectual damnation and declared our greatest need to be a "collective spiritual life." And he called, movingly, for leaders who could place "objects of loyalty" before us that would call into play the subtle springs of the human spirit. It was a masterpiece of liberal thought. This and "America's Coming-of-Age"—both of them eloquent, impassioned, generous, and humane, both expressions of the finest spirit of the time, the Wilsonian era—provided liberal criticism with a definite program. There was now a basis for action and a standard for judgment. There was then no excuse for anyone to be disturbed by the delicate romantic strain inherent in Mr. Brooks's thought, his fastidiousness, his evident ignorance of the relation of cultural to economic and political necessities, his gross optimism about the generative power of art and the artist's capabilities for social leadership.

But a little later there was ample reason to wonder. Mr. Brooks published "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" in 1920. Much had occurred in the interval—the war, Versailles, the imprisonment of pacifists, Red-hunts, the steel strike, the rise of the booster and Babbitt, and in general the triumph of cruelty and vulgarity. How would a sensitive and poetic personality, however courageous, survive? His new book was a partial answer. It was an application of his life-long thesis to a sustained study of a single writer. He argued that Twain was potentially a great satirist, a genius, who was frustrated and bent by his environment. It was an interesting and suggestive work. Whether or not it was true does not concern us; we may leave to Mr. De Voto the labor of replying to that question. We are concerned with the temper and the tone of the book. Who will deny that there was a defeatist note in it? Concentrating on the maladjusted individual, the harrowed and unhappy artist, it looked not to the future but to the past. It was elegiac; it was a lamentation. We are struck by this curious passage: "The tragic thing about an environment as coercive as ours is that we are obliged to endow it with the majesty of destiny itself in order to save our own faces! We dwell on the conditions that hamper us, destroy us, we embrace them with an *amor fati*, to escape from the contemplation of our own destruction."

In "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" (1925) the defeat was obvious. The argument here was the converse of the other: "Mark Twain stayed at home and surrendered to the tastes of his time. Henry James fled to Europe and the uprooting withered and wasted his genius." Again an interesting and suggestive idea, but again the emphasis upon the thwarting of creative talent by American life. Now, however, there was little about America and, strangely, little about Europe. The book was about James alone in his cottage, dreaming and suffering. For Brooks he was therefore an object for tears as the first novelist "to present the plight ness, of the early essays. The author was yielding, even begging. Waldo Frank called it "a petulant delight in pain." The prose had the swing and grace of a prayer.

Introversion was apparent in his "Emerson and Others" (1927)—the Emerson "episodes" were prose cobwebs. And it was quite complete in "The Life of Emerson" (1932). This was not a life, nor was it a criticism or study; it was a daydream. It was a revery in which the dreamer released his secret, sentimental love for a distant, half-remembered ideal. The socialist had ended as a defender of the artist against the race; a worshipper of Emerson, the arch-individualist.

So it is with all his school. Lewis Mumford has announced himself an "orderly" or "evolutionary" communist, yet in "The Golden Day" there is nostalgia for the glorious epoch of individualism and in his biography of Melville he weeps beautifully over the tragedy of the artist who cannot find a home in a land of business. And Matthew Josephson's "Portrait of the Artist as American" is another instance of this too loud wailing over the fate that has befallen our poets. Neither in "Herman Melville" nor in Mr. Josephson's book is there a trace of the aggressiveness and confidence that liberalism once had. There is rather, in each, an oblique confession of how little assurance the liberal has today. In neither is there the bite, the kind of belligerency that is not without poise, possessed by men who know exactly what they want and are sure of getting it. No, these liberals are no longer fighting for the satisfaction of their needs as men, but pleading for privileges as intellectuals.

To draw conclusions would be gilding the lily. These perhaps disjointed paragraphs have pointed here to bitterness or fury, there to resignation or aloofness, elsewhere to melancholy. Nowhere have they pointed to sanguinity and resolution. Have we been conducted through a home for the tired and the old?

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Bernard Smith has for some time been at work on a study of American criticism.

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Why Bother About Ruskin?

JOHN RUSKIN. By R. H. Wilenski. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1933. $4.50.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

NO human being is easy to understand, but John Ruskin, one of the most brilliant of the characters who peopled the Victorian scene in England, has a peculiar elusiveness.

At the end of his life Ruskin was so much idolized by the chatterers that for a long while, he seemed to the young little more than a fusing together of all maiden aunts. But it has been found that in order to keep this view, the observer, however young, has also to keep his distance. To come nearer, is to catch Ruskin in a variety of un-aunt like activities, and influencing extremely un-aunt like followers. A. J. Cook, for instance, the famous South Wales Miners' leader and agitator, told the present writer that he learned his politics from Ruskin, while the bottle of laudanum with which Mrs. Rossetti ended her life may well have been bought with Ruskin's money. No, the aunt hypothesis does not cover the facts. And soon—should you begin to read what Ruskin wrote, you find yourself growing interested, and wondering what this strange fellow is trying to say in that varied and admirable prose of his.

For to begin with Ruskin was a master of prose expression. He commanded a style which extended in its range from the flowing, antithetical Johnsonian sentence, to an odd punning, staccato modernism which recalls now Laurence Sterne, now Gertrude Stein. (Instead of saying that he was a self-satisfied and isolated child, for instance, he called his child self "a little Cock-Robinson Crusoe.") His phrases now wing their way steadily and strongly through a sustained description, now drop in a flurry of invective on his prey. They express the most extraordinary variety of ideas, some sound, some superlative, some staggeringly silly. Such material in such juxtaposition is a challenge to the meanest inquisitiveness.

It is in the story of Ruskin's own life that Mr. Wilenski finds the key to the extraordinary variety of opinions that Ruskin held from time to time:

> There is hardly a page of his writings which can be properly apprehended until it is collated with the condition of his mind and the circumstances of his life not only at the general period within which the book falls, but on the actual day on which that particular page was written.

Mr. Wilenski came gradually to the belief that "Ruskin was not only a great man and a genius, but also a mental invalid all his life . . . he appears to me to have suffered continuously from the malady now known to psychiatry as manic-depression." It is in the alternations of overconfidence and vivid enjoyment with self-distrust and overwhelming misery, which are characteristic of this state, that he finds the key to Ruskin's extraordinary self-contradiction. But though Mr. Wilenski's hypothesis is continually illuminating, it seems to the present writer that he attributes too much to factors within Ruskin, and not enough to those outside. His book gives an odd feeling of omission. It is rather as if we were to read a study of a boxing match, in which note was taken only of the courage and exaltation, the nervousness, fatigue, or pain of our man—without any mention of the blows he received from his opponent.

Let us take a single example of Mr. Wilenski's analysis. Ruskin constantly complained in late, and occasionally in middle life, of a "Storm Cloud" which seemed to him to be obscuring the beauty of nature. Mr. Wilenski does not, of course, forget that the bright vision of youth does, in most people, become dimmed. Nor does he neglect the fact that Ruskin was not a man to put up with the fading of one of his chief enjoyments without complaint, and that in his self-confident mood he would inevitably attribute the trouble to nature, and not to his own eyes. But what Mr. Wilenski quite forgets to tell us is that insofar as England was concerned, Ruskin was only exaggerating a set of real facts. When Ruskin was young, and toured England in a posting chariot, the Lancashire cotton towns had not grown up. They were villages. He witnessed the rise of Bolton, Rochdale, and Wigan and saw the blackening of the Black Country.

The towns that Ruskin saw grow have been thus described by Hammond the historian:

> They were not the refuge of a civilization, but the barracks of an industry . . . these towns reflected the violent enterprise of an hour, the single passion that had thrown street on street in a frantic monotony of disorder. These shapeless improvisations represented nothing but the avarice of the jerry-builder catering for the avarice of the capitalist.

He saw his Storm Cloud real, almost palpable, in the smoke that rose from these towns and in the new phenomenon of the London "pea-soup" fog, which threatened his Turners and his Titian. We are all used to bad industrial town planning in England now, and the smoke is not nearly as bad as in Ruskin's day, yet a modern architect still wails at a waste of six million pounds a year on "our needless production of smoke that coats his buildings with a bituminous deposit which ruins his mouldings and erodes his projections, till they look more like decayed teeth than architectural embellishments."

To say that the architect or the historian who wrote these passages is in the depressed phase of a mental malady may surely well be an insufficient analysis of the facts. Mr. Wilenski cannot be so unfortunate in his friends as to know no one who cares a jot about impersonal events. To have called attention to what was in hard fact going on in England, would have given Mr. Wilenski's book a balance which it lacks, and taken from it that slight air of smugness and superiority which is otherwise difficult to avoid in a critical survey.

RUSKIN AS A YOUNG MAN
From a painting by Millais

However, a book, like a man, should be analyzed to find its merits, and not its faults, and this latest biographer has something new and valuable to say about Ruskin's theory of art—a province which the present reviewer was, as a biographer, much less well equipped to examine.

Mr. Wilenski here gives a brilliant exposition, makes plain the underlying causes of Ruskin's wrong-headness about architecture, and why he was here a retarder and a false pathfinder, explains his odd attitude to sculpture, and some idiosyncrasies in his taste in pictures, and finally summarizes his theories about painting in a way that makes them coherent for the first time. The Ruskin addict alone can guess the labor of mining and smelting that Mr. Wilenski has expended to get this finished product. But then comes the earlier question, the question with which this review is headed. Why bother about Ruskin at all? The reader may all this time be sitting wondering why two people living in a century no less exciting than that in which Ruskin lived, should want to gather up these faded flowers?

It is, I think, just because we are interested in our own century that we find this man so strangely absorbing. In the first place there are not very many human beings of any age of whom we know as much as we do of Ruskin, for the twin lights of self-revelation and public observation were trained upon him from the cradle to the grave. This life (which we can see if we choose thus stereoscopically, and which is yet so puzzling), was a pilgrim's progress whose vicissitudes and struggles typify, even where they do not exactly repeat, most of the struggles of the present day.

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Amabel Williams-Ellis, a sister of John Strachey and like him much interested in social conditions, is the author of "The Exquisite Tragedy," a life of Ruskin.

Prophet of a Sick Age

PILGRIM OF THE APOCALYPSE. By Horace Gregory. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $1.

LOVE AMONG THE HAYSTACKS AND OTHER PIECES. By D. H. Lawrence. The same. $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

MR. GREGORY'S study is for serious readers who wish to gain comprehension of the work of D. H. Lawrence, its motivation, method, and progression through his life. Mr. Gregory wishes to dissociate this work as far as possible from the personal life of the author, which he feels has been exploited too much, and to define the man's literary intention. He accomplishes this in a brief critical study, with complete candor and great penetration. No reader will be left in doubt as to the creative purpose behind this formidable series of novels. Whether or not he approves that purpose, he will comprehend it.

While this study is apparently without bias it could be taken as a defense of the Lawrentian formula and the free use of sex symbolism for esthetic purposes. Unavoidably the critic has to admit the necessity in the case of this particular author for the use of such symbols, and for a somewhat excessive stressing of sexual experience in his novels. The inevitability of this arises from the fact that for Lawrence psychic completion through sex was a major issue. It found expression first, as Mr. Gregory shows, in poetic forms; was then translated into the prose of his novels, finally, became the basis of a prophetic vision of salvation (for the race) through sex.

That this critical study makes clear the poetic and emotional basis of all the prose writings of D. H. Lawrence is its most original and distinctive contribution. Incidentally Mr. Gregory undertakes to demolish—with urbanity but great thoroughness—J. M. Murry's critical estimate of D. H. Lawrence in "Son of Woman." As a matter of technical criticism, he succeeds. Nevertheless the core of Murry's appraisal of his friend as organically unfit for the role he proposed for himself,—and therefore perforce a prophet of defeated want rather than of empirical completion, —still stands. And it is pertinent. D. H. Lawrence was a spiritual Moses who could never set foot in his Promised Land. And he is, as Gregory himself points out, the prophet of a sick age, diagnosing in his own person its disease. There, perhaps, is his major significance. He made explicit the revolt of a whole generation of individuals frustrated—as they believed—by a system of pieties and conformities damning to their souls and destructive of their organic lives.

It is odd that a companion volume, brought out with this critical study, should reveal, not the tortured man, the mouthpiece of moral revolt, the interpreter of his beloved "Darkness," but a gay, almost carefree spirit writing rural idylls and sketches of holiday release. The title story (a novelette) in "Love among the Haystacks" is a charmingly innocent tale of Nottinghamshire, in dialect. It could be

HORACE GREGORY

read aloud in a Baptist deacon's family. So could the remaining sketches or stories with the exception of "Once," which is innocence turned voluptuous. "Chapel in the Mountains" is an engaging piece of prose work which I should like to think shows Lawrence at his natural best. It was written in the Tyrol where, for once, that peace which so often eluded him hovered for a moment, and he saw humanity tolerantly, dispassionately, its foibles and frailties as impersonal as those of flowers.

It was here that David Garnett found him, with Frieda, in the episode that introduces the book. Garnett's description the man Lawrence, as he appeared at railway station in some remote Bavarian village, is the best we have had. In fact, as a glimpse of the odd, individual human thing that was D. H. Lawrence, it could not possibly be bettered. For here he was the irresponsible faun, the original, the pleb—a slight, weedy person of a type more mongrel than aristocratic— whom, because of his eyes and smile, it was impossible to resist. Young Garnett adored him, adored both of them, delighted in their hospitality, laughed immoderately at Lawrence's exhibitions of his mimetic gift.

Even with the able advocacy of Edward Garnett the stories in this volume failed to find a publisher until after the author's death. David Garnett than collected them for a limited edition. They are now available to the general public for the first time. Reading them, one perceives what Lawrence might have been if he had been content to remain merely a good author; if he had not elected to fight the English ethos single-handed. But that, precisely, is what his demon would never permit.

Remainders

By DAVID MCCORD

PRINTER

He died
pied.
Reset
and stet,
HE NAPS
IN CAPS.

PUBLISHER

Stir not, nor disturb:
Him now all things placate
Who wrote for his last blurb
Hic Jacet.

ARTIST

Here to Sphinx it
Came painter Pinxit.
As the crocus bulbs it
Is sculptor Sculpsit.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Bombing the Paragraph

Some act of national recovery is needed if the English paragraph is to be saved. Let us recall to the memories of those who once were accustomed to good English what the paragraph was supposed to be before it ran upon the rocks of mass production and was splintered into incoherent sentences.

The paragraph was a trim little vessel in the days when journalists still wrote for minds trained to hold more than one thought at a time. Rhetoricians spoke of it as one full step in the development of an idea, and might have compared it with a fan which spreads without losing its unity, increasing its usefulness without changing its control. An idea stated in a single sentence (topic, they used to call it) is self-sufficient only for the very wise or the very simple. Emerson and Thoreau, among Americans, wrote self-sufficient sentences for the wise, and the race of columnists (who call themselves paragraphers) have carried on this tradition of apothegm all the way into wise-crack—a sentence paragraph which is a nut that a sharp mind can bite into.

But this is specialists' work. The general utility paragraph led off (in the days of coherence) with a sentence that said simply and definitely what the writer thought. But thought is never so simple as that. It must be qualified, developed, explained, if it is to satisfy the sophisticated. Only the naive will swallow a generalization without chewing on it. The English paragraph in its prime was raw material made fit for eating by a skilful cook. If the writer began "Democracy depends upon intelligence," he could not leave it at that. Simple minds might be content, but in those days readers were not that simple. They asked why and were prepared to reserve judgment until, item after item, the explanation or argument unrolled to a Q. E. D. at the end of the paragraph. Macaulay, whose diminishing reputation as a historian still leaves him one of the world's great journalists, could fling out a reverberating paragraph as organized and emphatic and lucid as the simplest sentence, which prepared, held, and satisfied the attentive reader by a structure which had all the advantages of a formula without its dangerous simplicity. The late Frank Cobb of the old *World* could drop his sequent sentences one after another in perfect harmony for a column before the packed theme with which he began had been unpacked and become an organism of thought.

The paragraph, like many other good things, was wrecked by mass production. When newspapers, and then magazines, began to be published for the millions, writers soon found that their readers were short-winded. They would hold their brains together for three or four sentences, not more. News was rewritten for them in short paragraphs, the ramp of the story broken up into little steps, and that was good, especially when the sentences took on the color of contemporary impressionism, for in the reporting of successive incidents, the successive topics are facts which need no logical development. Paragraphs are relatively unimportant in narrative. Not so with editorials and articles. When the writers whose duty it was to exhort or explain discarded the paragraph (the Hearst newspapers began it) and wrote series of short, sharp sentences, each set apart so that it might be easily assimilated by the dumbest readers, they scored at first a great journalistic success. Strong writing, it seemed to be, punches from the shoulder, very persuasive to the man who must have a thought knocked into him, well calculated indeed for a nation of quick readers who seldom read books and lacked the patience (and often the ability) to follow the testing of an idea through a paragraph. And thousands of writers, noting the success with the masses of these pormanteau paragraphs, imitated them, until even when an idea had to be tested, explained, in order to mean anything at all, their paragraphs were still split into groups of pointed sentences, one statement at a time, so that even the feeble-minded could read.

That is where we are today in the bulk of English writing outside of books and the better magazines. Unfortunately, however, the immense majority of readers, even among the masses, are not feeble-minded. They are, one suspects, beginning to react by not reading at all, or by taking the first punch and dodging all the rest. After all, this method of writing was first devised, not for journalism, but for children's reading-books, where not only paragraphs but long words were split for immature minds. Our journalists have treated their readers like children and they are getting a child's reactions, violent, brief, and over-simplified. They have violated the natural order of thinking and, as a result, give no training and get no response in thought. Like the advertisers and the politicians, they have been playing upon the unformed mass mind for profits, consistently writing under the normal intelligence in the hope of speedier results. It is a phase of exploitation, and will produce its reactions in both reader and writer, like every other attempt to debase the currency of human intercourse.

For further they cannot go in this direction except into complete anarchy of thinking. They feel it, and when so vigorous a paper as the new *New York Evening Post* adopts the sentence style for its editorials (presumably written for adults) the desperate editors use italics and small caps for their high points in the hope that readers who refuse to bark their shins over disintegrated ideas will carry away at least something from the wreck.

The whole collection of Mrs. Thrale's correspondence, which had lain undiscovered for more than a century in the library of Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's residence, is to be published in the new year. The new book will include more Johnson letters, and some from Fanny Burney, written at the height of her career.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

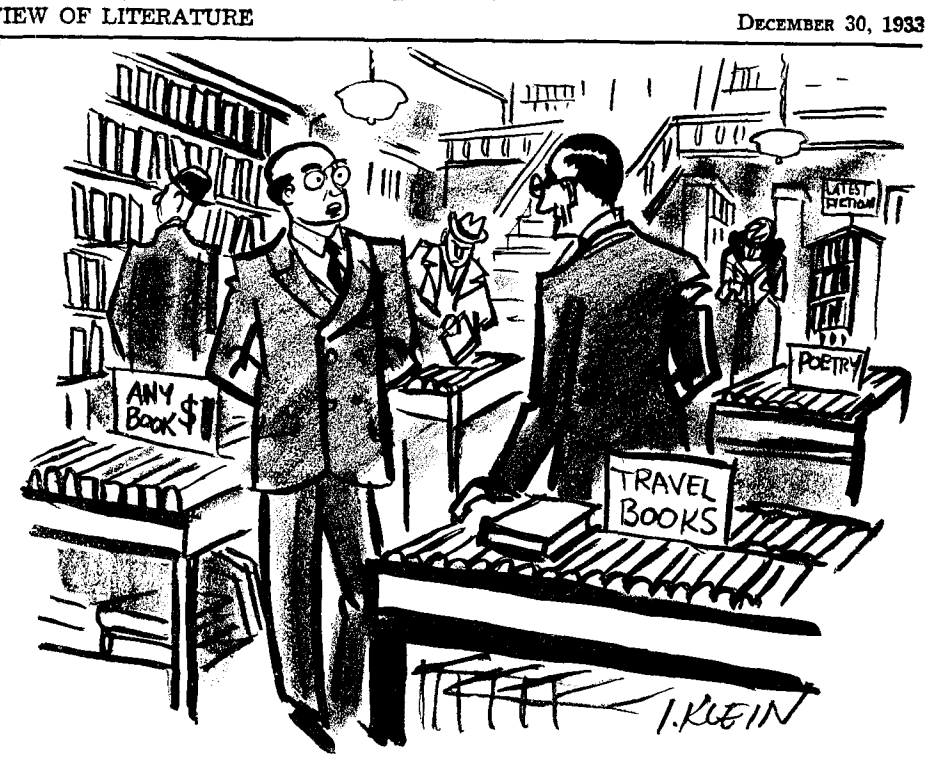
CITY MANAGEMENT: THE CINCINNATI EXPERIMENT. By CHARLES P. TAFT. *Farrar & Rinehart.* The account of a well-governed city.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL. By JULIA PETERKIN, with illustrations by DORIS ULMANN. *Ballou.* Carolina plantation lore with striking illustrations.

JOHNSON'S ENGLAND. Edited by A. S. TURBERVILLE. *Oxford University Press.* A symposium describing the various aspects of eighteenth century England.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GUERMANTES WAY. By MARCEL PROUST. *Modern Library.* An inexpensive editon of this modern classic.



"I'VE MADE MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION—THIS COMING YEAR I'M GOING TO READ A BOOK."

To the Editor: *In Defense of "Raggle-Taggle;" Norman Hall's Narrow Escape*

Mr. Starkie's Gypsies

SIR: Borrow, in his preface to the second edition of "The Zincali," thus describes the reception of "The Bible in Spain": "The world, both learned and unlearned, was delighted . . . and the highest authority said, 'This is a much better book than the "Gypsies"; and the next great authority said, 'something betwixt Le Sage and Bunyan.' 'A far more entertaining work than "Don Quixote," exclaimed a literary lady. 'Another "Gil Blas,"' said the cleverest writer in Europe. 'Yes,' exclaimed the cool, sensible *Spectator*, 'a "Gil Blas" *in water colors.*' And when I heard the last sentence, I laughed. . . . It pleased me better than all the rest. Is there not a text in a certain old book which says: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!' Those are awful words, brothers; woe is me!" Similar must have been Professor Starkie's reflections when, after the chorus of approval that greeted his book, he read in your issue of November 11, 1933, Mr. Bercovici's contemptuous review of "Raggle-Taggle."

Speaking, as I am entitled to speak, on behalf of all deep students of the Gypsy race, it is only fair to state that although we are amused by what a writer in *The Times Literary Supplement* called Mr. Bercovici's "high-falutin attitude" and his "journalistic bravura," and enjoy his stories about dogs, we agree with that writer when he says: "It is safe to say that neither in the East nor in the West is there to be found any nation, race, or tribe, stationary or nomadic, remotely corresponding with the republic of idealistic philosophers which the picturesque mind of Mr. Bercovici paints for our admiration." We do not take Mr. Bercovici seriously as an authority on Gypsies.

Misgivings were first aroused by "The Story of the Gypsies." On pages 175-183 of that unscholarly book Mr. Bercovici has lifted, without any sort of acknowledgment, the celebrated incident of "The Bookseller of Logroño" from the third chapter of Borrow's "The Zincali." Even worse; he has presumed to edit Borrow's beautiful English! Less culpable was his adoption, perhaps from Louise Rice's story, "The Lubbeny Kiss" (corrupted by Mr. Bercovici to *Lubina*), which was printed—or reprinted—in Joseph Ellner's "The Gipsy Patteran," of a very doubtful and disgusting Gypsy custom in his novel "A Romany Chai." In that book his speech betrayed him; the ungrammatical medley of Rumanian, Serbo-Croat, and Serbian with a few words of Romani (taken indifferently from various dialects, including Spanish!), which he puts into the mouths of his Gypsies. Even the mysterious spell the old Gypsy *dai* (not *daia*, which Mr. Bercovici everywhere mistakes for the nominative singular) mumbles under her breath when making coffee, and to hear which the Gypsies "crowded about her," is not Romani but Serbo-Croat, and means: "There is grass round the river Sava and roots round ash-trees"—powerful magic without doubt, for it reveals the sad fact that in spite of his "lifelong quest after new veins of Gypsy lore" this "premier interpreter" of the Gypsy race is ignorant of the Gypsy language.

ANDREAS.

Shawo, England.

Thanks to Captain Bligh

Readers of "Mutiny on the Bounty" will be stirred, we are sure, by the knowledge that James Norman Hall has himself just experienced hazards hardly less great than those he described there. Mr. Hall, on the quest for further information about Captain Bligh of the "Mutiny," made a voyage to Pitcairn Island. But we shall let Mr. Hall tell his tale himself. Through the kindness of Mr. Kenneth M. Gould, Managing Editor of the Scholastic, *we are privileged to print the following letter addressed to him:*

Kenneth M. Gould, Esq.,
Managing Editor, Scholastic,
155 East 44th Street,
New York.

Dear Mr. Gould:

I shall be pleased to have you reprint my "Skip" thing in *Scholastic*, and I regret the delay in telling you so. The reason for it is that, on a voyage to Pitcairn Island, the trading-schooner on which I was travelling was wrecked, and I have only just returned to Tahiti, after an absence of nearly three months.

I am glad that you enjoyed "Mutiny on the Bounty." On September 15th, at three o'clock of a very black stormy night, when the schooner was bashing on the coral reef of a small uninhabited island, I said to myself, "I have Captain William Bligh to thank for this!" It was the only amusing reflection I was able to indulge in at the moment, for our chances just then seemed dubious indeed. However, we survived, or all but one of us did.

Sincerely yours,

Tahiti. JAMES N. HALL.

Unpublished Crane Material

Sir: I was glad to see Robert Barr's fine letter on the death of Stephen Crane reproduced in your columns November 25th. However, the letter is not so unknown as Mr. Birss fancies. . . . Mr. Birss is quite right about the growing gaps in the "definitive" biography. Since 1930 an enormous amount of material has accumulated in my own files. It has not been known, for instance, that "The Black Riders" was set to music by William Schuyler; that the elusive "Chelifer" is no less a person than Mr. Rupert Hughes; that the notebook of Stephen Crane is extant and will soon be published by the Huntington Press; that a rare photograph of the boyish Crane at Cornwall has turned up; that a new, amusing account of how Crane took Juana Dias was printed in Japan; that "The Red Badge of Courage" was turned into French by the poet Vielé-Griffin. I have in my possession a copy of a powerful, 40-line war poem by Crane never before published, beginning with the lines:

All-feeling God, hear in the war-night
The rolling voices of a nation;
Through dusky billows of darkness
See the flash, the under-light, of bared sword—

Oh, there are lots of things: Arthur Oliver's "Memories," new notes made by relatives of Crane; the "Holland" letter, etc.

B. J. R. STOLPER.

New York City.

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Unusual Names and Their Pronunciation

INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES. By C. O. Sylvester Mawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED H. HOLT

IN its dust-cover of screaming green, Dr. Mawson's book proclaims itself at once an exciting and solid contribution to wild-name lore. Over ten thousand proper names are here stripped of all mystery, and arranged on pedestals for the enlightenment of the world. Lest we suspect the learned author of being an automaton, inhumanly reeling off authoritative pronunciations without ever chuckling with amusement or snorting with indignation, he has given us an entertaining foreword in which he allows himself some of the digressions which might have been used to enliven the somewhat solemn main show. For instance, he recites the "o-NIGH-ons" legend, and pays his respects to folks who retail second-hand information about other people's names, he himself having made prodigious efforts to seek the source in every case. Among those from whose letters quotations are made are such figures as James Roosevelt, William Rose Benét, Willa Cather, Gabrilowitsch, the Stracheys, Ernest Peixotto, and Phyllis Bottome. The up-to-the-minuteness of the book is demonstrated by the inclusion of *Ickes* and *Nira*.

The characteristic sounds of a score of different languages are treated in the introduction. The signatures of Gandhi and Tagore are reproduced in the native script. All spellings and pronunciations are as far as possible, official—which leads us, of course, up some amusing alleys, such as *El Quds esh Sherif* for *Jerusalem*.

We are indebted to Dr. Mawson for settling such points as that *Pepys* was "peeps" (on the authority of a descendant of the diarist), that George M. *Cohan* accents the last syllable, and that the *g* of *Stoke Poges* is hard; for pointing out that *Vienna*, in California and Illinois, has a long *i*, that *Taney*, Missouri, is "tawney," that *Milne* (like *kiln*) may rhyme with *pill*, that *Jordan*, in Kentucky and Virginia, is commonly "jurdan," that *luck*, in Poland, is "wootsk," that *joule* (unit of energy) rhymes with *foul*, that *Belloc*

OLIVER ONIONS
Whose name is frequently mispronounced.

is accented the same as *bullock* or *hillock*, and that there is a place called *Zagazig*.

He presents a gorgeous gallery of British family and place-names, along the line of Pole-Carew ("pool-carey"), *Pontefract* ("pumfret"), and *Portishead* (which rhymes with *closet*). *Home* and *Hulme* are both "hume." *St. Leger* is "saint ledger" when it is a horse-race, and "sill-injer" when it is a man. The Scotch *Menzies* is preferably "men-giz" (hard *g*) and *Monzie* sounds like "mun-neé." *Buchan* and *Loch* are both given the guttural burr dear to the Scottish heart.

We wish that an opinion had been handed down in the case of *Lord Steyne*, of "Vanity Fair," certainly just as important as the South African statesman. Other chances missed are: *Kagawa* (not included at all); Governor *Lehman* and Rosamond *Lehmann* (two *Lehmanns* of less contemporary interest are specified); *Beatrice*, Nebraska (accent on the *at*); *Reading*, Michigan (long *e*); *Lafayette*, Georgia and Alabama (accent on the *fay*).

In the case of Chinese names, this reviewer pleads special knowledge, having spent five years in South China. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, with whom he was personally acquainted, was not "soon"; say "sōon," or plain "sun." Americans in China (according to the writer's own observations as well as those of the Executive Head of the Chinese Department at Columbia) usually pronounce the syllable *chow* like "jo" and the syllable *feng* like "fung." *Tientsin* is just "tin-tsin," *Swatow* and *Hankow* rhyme with *how*. While not in agreement with Dr. Mawson's findings up to this point, we are glad that he emphasizes the last-syllable accent for *Shanghai*, *Hongkong*, and *Canton*, and that he recommends "pay-ping" (rather than "bay-ping") for the capital, and the spelling *Raho* (long *a*) rather than *Jehol*, inasmuch as the former does approximate the correct Chinese sound.

In the following cases, on almost all of which the reviewer has had direct personal information, he believes the Mawson dictionary is mistaken: Ruth *Suckow* ("soo," not "siu"); Heywood *Broun* ("oo," not "ow"); *Smuts* (rhymes with *puts*, not *huts*); *Pinero* ("air," not "ear"); *Pulitzer* ("pull," not "piu"); *Morgenthau* ("thaw"); *Okmulgee*, Oklahoma (long *o*); *St. Bernard*, Ohio (accent on the *nard*); *Osawatomie*, Kansas (first *o* long); *Eldorado*, Illinois and Kansas (both, long *a*); *Honolulu* (not "ho"); *Coffeyville*, Kansas ("kaw," not "kah"). One American *Berlin* (in Pennsylvania) keeps the German accentuation. While *Methuen*, Massachusetts, still thinks it better to accent the *thu*, the British trick of accenting the first syllable is fully as popular in this country. Though "Jer'm" for Jerome may be common in England, Jerome K. Jerome accented the *rome* throughout, this being one case among many where Dr. Mawson could have added interest and authenticity to his volume by hooking the family-name up to some well-known figure.

He exhausts the possibilities of *Houston* but not of *Houghton*. Similarly with *Mahony*, he does not recognize the possibility of accenting the *ho*, nor suggest the Catholic-Protestant angle, on this name. *La Guardia's* alternative pronunciation of his own name—"gwardia," when addressing Italian-Americans—should have been included. The common error of putting a *de* before *Maupassant* is encouraged, perhaps unintentionally, by the way the name is listed (*Guy* de Maupassant would, of course, be quite correct). The German ö seemed to us inadequately explained by the statement that it is like the French *eu* in *peu*. In most of Germany there is more of an *a* sound in the umlauted *o* than there is in *peu*. A curious twist appears in the recommendation of "loo-ther" for the German reformer's name, and of "liu-ther" for the modern baptismal name deriving from it. The same delight in the "liu" sound leads Dr. Mawson to the debatable assertion that *Lewiston*, Nevada, is pronounced with a "liu." *Chevalier* is listed as an "English comedian," though the French pronunciation is indicated; we should have labeled him either Paris or Hollywood.

A certain amount of space is wasted by the inclusion, for no observable reason, of such highly unpronounceable names as *Johnstown*. Hundreds of more exciting ones are omitted, for the praiseworthy reason that the author had not received first-hand information relative to them.

This list of minor criticisms has been compiled to keep the record straight, not to depreciate the value of Dr. Mawson's amazing achievement. It is unquestionably the finest book of names that has yet appeared; a treasure chest for all who have ever chuckled over "sap-sed" for *Sawbridgeworth*, or wondered why *Waukegan* accents the *ke* and *Waukesha* the *wau*.

A Modern Analysis of Progress and Poverty

(Continued from first page)

pages are devoted to an examination of Major Douglas's theory, as presented by him in many forms during the past fifteen years; and towards the close of this examination we find the following remark:

> It may seem surprising that a theory which is at once so ambiguous and so involved should have found so much support. But . . . the popularity of the Douglas view is in all probability to be explained precisely through its ambiguity and complexity. For each supporter there is an interpretation which suits his intelligence and his knowledge. For the critics there is not one but a collection of heads to cut off.

CIVILIZATION AND THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM
He: "No, my dear, you may've ceased to love me; but you took me for better or wurss in younger and 'appier days, and there'll be no getting away for you from me forever."
From a cartoon by Max Beerbohm.

The criticism in the Oxford book is based on expositions of the Douglas doctrine far more extensive than any contained in this book on "Social Credit." Its two hundred small pages are in great part devoted to vigorous assertion of the author's general views on economics and ethics and philosophy and scientific method, some of them sober and reasonable, others crude or fantastic. Accordingly, the central argument occupies very little space; the reader is apparently expected to find a very brief epitome of it sufficient to be convincing.

Economists generally regard the problem of depression and business paralysis as arising, broadly speaking, out of a maladjustment between supply and demand. "The point we have to make," says Major Douglas, "is not merely that financial purchasing power is unsatisfactorily distributed, it is that, *in its visible forms*, it is collectively insufficient." In other words, he holds that under the existing system of currency and credit no mere redistribution of wealth or income can provide the *monetary* purchasing power necessary to keep the processes of industry going; that a deficiency in such purchasing power arises not merely when something goes wrong with the system but as a demonstrable result of its normal working; that this is the root cause of business depression and industrial paralysis; that the remedy lies in the creation of monetary purchasing power additional to that which springs from the processes of production and trade; and that this addition to purchasing power should be created by distributing to all the citizens of a country, in the shape of Social Credit, their proper dividend on the general producing capacity of the country. Whether, in point of fact, such deficiency of purchasing power does normally result from the inherent character of the existing system, and whether, if it does, the system proposed by Major Douglas would remove the evil while preserving the essentials of private enterprise are questions which I cannot attempt here to discuss, but which I feel are by no means disposed of by Major Douglas's arguments.

While Major Douglas rests his proposal of this distribution of purchasing power to the entire population of a country chiefly on the assertion that it is indispensable to the workableness of the economic system, he does not fail to present a fundamental justification of it upon ethical grounds; and this justification bears a striking resemblance to that which formed the chief basis of Henry George's proposal. Henry George proposed the confiscation of land values on the ground that since these values are created not by the efforts of individuals but by the development of the community as a whole, the private ownership of land is a robbery of the community as a whole. His idea was a direct outcome of the Ricardian theory of rent, a cornerstone of classical economic theory. Major Douglas says nothing about land; but he finds an equally valid basis for his proposal in what he regards as an oversight of the classical theory. Besides land, labor and capital, he points out (following Thorstein Veblen), "there is now a fourth factor in wealth production, the multiplying power of which far exceeds that of the other three," namely the progress of the industrial arts. "This is the legacy," he says, "of countless numbers of men and women, many of whose names are forgotten and the majority of whom are dead. And since it is a cultural legacy, it seems difficult to deny that the general community, as a whole, and not by any qualification of land, labor, or capital, are the proper legatees." In saying this, what Major Douglas has chiefly or exclusively in mind is the increase of productivity caused by the progress of invention and science in the past century and a half; and surely this of itself is sufficient basis for the declara of a stupendous dividend in the shap Social Credit. But, stupendous as it m be, it would fall immeasurably shor what the logic of this reasoning demands. For "not only we, the latest seed of Time," are the inehritors of such a legacy of productive power bequeathed by former generations; from almost the beginning of civilization, that legacy has been the predominant factor in the creation of wealth. Take away what is due to the invention of the wheel, the plow, the sail, the smelting of ores—to name but a few of the cardinal agencies of production and trade—and what would be left of the wealth produced in any age since the dawn of history? Major Douglas's plea on the score of ethics is quite sound in the abstract; the trouble is that it proves too much. If accepted, it would not only justify the dividend he proposes, but would quite as truly justify a dividend that took up practically the entire product of the economic activities of mankind. Unless we are prepared to accept this result, we must reject the plea altogether, and fall back upon considerations of practical expediency and desirability.

❧ ❧

Fabian Franklin, who was for many years editor of The Baltimore News *and later associate editor of* The New York Evening Post, *is one of the leading writers on economic topics in the country.*

Writing in the Christmas book number of the *Manchester Guardian* of the poetry of 1933, Charles Powell says: "In Mr. Yeats there is, perhaps, the closest link between the modern and the more traditional. There is no poet writing today, old or new, who gets so surely through to reality or who has so vitally the contemporary consciousness. But he gives the artist's allegiance to beauty; and, now that he has established something like an equipoise between the intellect and the imagination, his poetry has the energy of life that is at once passionate and serene. 'The Winding Stair' companions 'The Tower' in its symbolism; and, if that is often dark, there is great beauty in the darkness, and a music as when the evening stars sing together. Mr. de la Mare, too, is achieving a fuller humanity, though with him the imagination is still in the ascendant.

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The Divine Sarah as a Human Being

SARAH BERNHARDT: Divine Eccentric. By G. G. Geller. Translated by E. S. G. Potter. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

IN her memoirs, published in 1904, Sarah Bernhardt had these curious things to say about Eleonora Duse:

> Eleonora Duse is more of an actress than an artist. She follows in the footsteps of other people. True, she does not imitate them, for she plants flowers where she found trees, but all her art has never enabled her to create a character which was identified with her name; she has never created a being or a vision that evokes a memory. She puts on other people's gloves, but she puts them on inside out, and this with an infinite grace, and an air of complete detachment. She is a great, a very great actress, but she is not an artist.

In this clever and malicious comment, the Divine Sarah defines herself as much as she does her rival and her own twisted and at once masterful and meretricious notions of what constitutes "art." "Follows in others' footsteps," is, of course, Sarah's way of describing the whole realistic way of interpreting life in terms of art, whether applied to players, playwrights, novelists, painters, or what you will.

Duse "lived into" her parts, much as the Moscow Art Theatre players, starting what was then a new school of acting in the Russia of their day, tried to live into theirs. Sarah's procedure was quite otherwise. The role, with her, was little more than a springboard, from which she leaped into a realm peculiarly her own. She took the part, and with her inimitable mixture of tremendous will power, golden voice, and acquired theatricalism, created something which ensnared the judgment, enchanted the senses, swept audiences off their feet, and set them to cheering the sorceress herself, regardless of what the author may have originally intended.

That was what Sarah understood by "creating a character identified with one's name, creating a being or a vision that evokes memory." Well, Sarah created "beings" and "visions," right enough, and certainly they linger in the memory of those who saw and heard her act. She quite literally created. Her qualities were superlative. She was great as a woman, in her will to live and to conquer. She was a great actress. As to whether she or Duse was the greater artist, calls for definition of the term and takes us into fields highly controversial. Tastes and standards change with changing generations—most people nowadays, if compelled to state the contrast which Sarah herself makes so dogmatically, would probably say that Bernhardt was the great actress, and Duse the artist.

Mr. Geller's biography doesn't concern itself seriously with such matters but merely sets down, in orthodox manner, the objective facts of that extraordinary life itself. The author appears to be innocent of imagination or humor and contributes little or nothing to the long list of back-stage squabbles, love affairs, and personal eccentricities that could be compiled by any hurried "obit" writer running through the usual newspaper "morgue." The record is merely longer, more complete.

Those virgin minds, if any such still exist, who fancy that great art implies good citizenship will find a doubtless wholesome disillusionment in following the detailed story of Sarah Bernhardt's career. It's rather a disturbing story, at least as M. Geller tells it, of vanity, macabre crankiness, and colossal selfishness. There seems to have been little sentiment and less beauty in the endless string of love affairs which continued into her old age. Even her marriage to the young Greek, Damala, over whom she made such a fuss for a time, appears to have been largely a matter of wishing to add the role of conventional wife to her gallery of more exotic heroines. With the menagerie of tigers, alligators, and what not with which she lived, the coffin in which she slept and had herself photographed, and so on, she constantly united with her powerful theatrical sorceries and lovely rhetoric the exploiting technique of a circus press-agent. She was always acting, always playing to an audience, and if ever "real,'" it was because her complete theatricalism constituted in itself a sort of sincerity. When, in 1914, her servant brought her the news that the great European war had at last come, she burst into a flood of tears. "To live through two wars," she cried, "is too much!" One war (that of '70), so her biographer explains, "at the opening of her career, had barred her first steps on the path of fame. Another war, at the close of her life, threatened to destroy the little hope that remained to her." Poor Sarah!

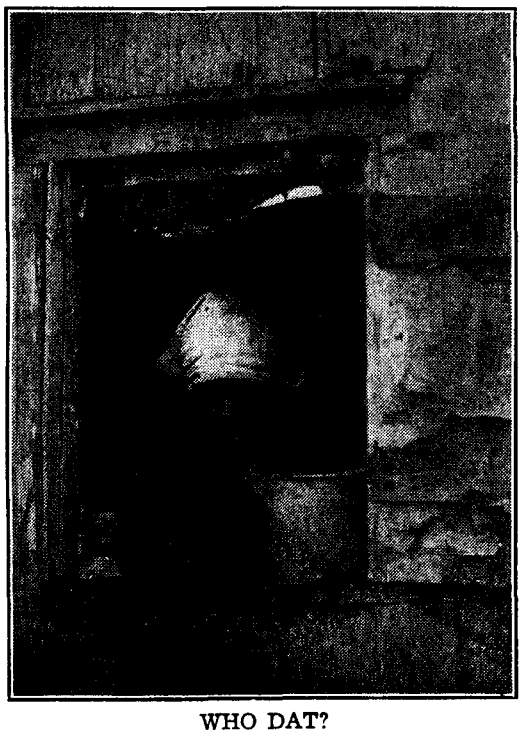
The intelligence notes these and other rather dismal details—and they fade into nothingness as memory recalls that strangely compelling vision as it appeared across the footlights; the head slightly thrown back above hands slasped under one cheek, the cavernous yet glowing eyes above that vermilion streak of mouth, and the voice that could snarl and tear, or melt, the next instant, into liquid gold, stabbing, beguiling, carrying the senses away. Great she was, indeed, in her own way—an indomitable spirit, which, in a world full of cautions and compromises, went the whole distance.

Arthur Ruhl is a dramatic critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

Plantation Lore

(Continued from first page)

Chattanooga Ridge, but would uphold the artistry of her deservedly popular novels. But—they would point out—Mrs. Peterkin has softened her Gullah dialect in order that people not fortunate enough to have been born in the State could understand her stories. Gonzales, now! . . . And of course one would have to admit that he had been able to understand only enough of Gonzales's Gullah dialect to enable him to realize what he was missing.



WHO DAT?
Illustration by Doris Ulmann for "Roll, Jordan, Roll."

In "Roll, Jordan, Roll," Mrs. Peterkin uses little dialect, yet her artistry is such that the Gullah Negro's lazy chatter, rhythmic movement, low-down blues, or hysterical Gullah Negro's lazy chatter, rhythmic movement, low-down blues, or hysterical prayer is on every page. Her method is this: she knows the Negro men, women, and children who live about her, and she tells their stories for them with such sympathy and understanding that one often forgets the presence of the author and believes he is hearing the stories from the Negroes' own lips.

Thus she tells of the stately Negro foreman (in Miss Ulmann's photograph he looks like a Negro Ramsay MacDonald) who, with a few forceful words, disrupted a congregation intent on impugning his wife's good name; of Jinny, a buxom wench who, with a sharp carving knife, taught her lover the meaning of fidelity; of "Uncle," who was thirty-nine years old when he went to war with his master in 1861, ho claimed that Lincoln was a white trash boy whom the Northerners made President because they were jealous of the "bredded" Southerners, and who declared that our present Roosevelt is the second coming of Christ; of Samuel, who "lost his mind" and got elected to a carpet-bag legislature—(Was this the same legislature in which the few white members, trying to promote dignity among their black colleagues, got a law passed providing that legislators must wear shoes while on the floor?)

And thus the chapters flow on, each one adding to the ethnological pattern of how a Gullah Negro is born, what he eats, drinks, and thinks, how he lives, loves, marries, works, and dies.

One fears that Mrs. Ulmann's pictures are not of a pattern with the anaglyphic simplicity of Mrs. Peterkin's text. Without attempting to detract from the artistic value of the photographs—Mrs. Ulmann can stand on her reputation—I would suggest that her symbolism of black tones in the pictures does not conform to Negro psychology, and that the deliberate overexposure of her films makes in some cases for bad reproduction. However, some of the pictures are memorable. One of them—of a woman plowing an ox—is straight from Millet. Another, of a young Negro standing in his batteau with shrimp net poised, brought tears of nostalgia to a late resident of a South Carolina sea island.

And the collaboration, on the whole, makes an unusual book which should bring delight to any reader and add distinction to any shelf.

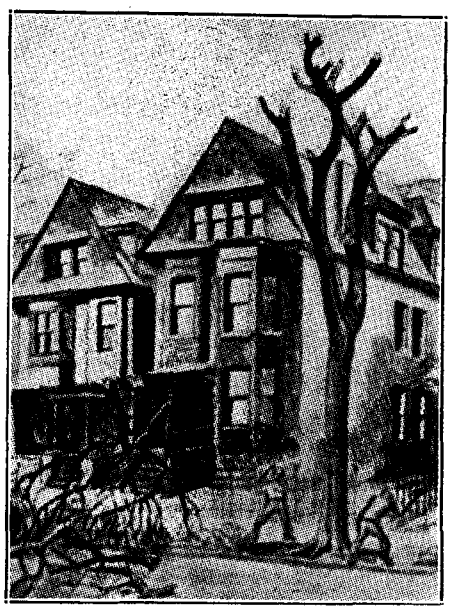
Welbourn Kelley, himself an Alabaman, has lived in South Carolina. He is the author of an effective novel of the Southland—"Inchin' Along."

A Well-Run City

CITY MANAGEMENT: the Cincinnati Experiment. By Charles P. Taft. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

IN tracing the progress of municipal reform in his city, Mr. Taft suggests no answer to the dilemma of urban government as to which should come first, business or politics. The author, former prosecutor of the county and still active in the City Charter Committee, tells his story of Cincinnati's eight-year experience under revised rule with a fluent precision and deprecates readers who jump to conclusions; his own are comprised in a description of the great improvements he has witnessed in administration. Though Cinicinnati is by no means the first of the three hundred and seventy-five odd American municipalities to adopt the city-manager plan, it bids fair to uphold its citizens' contention that it houses the first permanent reform movement in a major community.

Like all such movements, the change in form of government was impelled by civic indignation over prevailing corruption and inefficiency. The energetic attacks and exposures of a few leaders soon brought the voters to realize the need of executive brains at the head of their collective affairs. Nevertheless, it was almost by accident that city-managership was decided on, for the original intention had been only to secure a non-partisan administration. In this respect, Cincinnati somewhat resembles Galveston and Dayton some years before, when floods had made centralized control imperative; but the causes of its political alteration were even more like those which caused Staunton, Va., to originate the plan in question in 1908, in order to escape from the legalities of a State constitution. Here, it was found impossible to secure non-partisan, "birdless" ballots, because of an antiquated provision in the old Charter; so attention was directed to a complete revision of that instrument. The ensuing triumph in the city was followed by an attempt to revise county government as well, which was but short-lived. The difficulties involved in this latter undertaking cause the author to remark that primaries are not the most effective agencies for reform programs: only "machine" men, with jobs at stake, can weather the discomforts of voting in the heat of the summer.



"CIVIC IMPROVEMENT"
From the painting by Charles Burchfield

Such an assertion might lead the reader to conclude that Mr. Taft does not think that the major parties provide adequate means for citizens to improve their municipal conditions of government, which touch their individual interests at more points than any other branch of political organization. Such is by no means the case, for he believes that it is impossible for any reform to succeed which does not have the backing of the dominant party in a given area, and it is certain that Republicans, "independent" though they were, were mainly responsible for Cincinnati's rehabilitation. From the first, however, there was a coalition with the Democrats, and Mr. Taft himself emphasizes the need for a distinctly separate organization to carry on the new system.

There are dangers to be faced, despite the excellent record which the managers have made: the plan will by no means run of itself, and the Organization men have shown great adaptability to the exigencies of campaigns conducted on the new lines. Besides, it is difficult for the members of the Council to keep in touch with their political backers, so various are the duties of their offices; they thus run the risk of losing touch with popular feeling. Nevertheless, Cincinnati remains the outstanding example of a large city that has found comfort and financial security in the manager plan. It remains to be seen whether or not the mayor-council plan may provide a better solution to the onerous perplexities of the nation's largest cities.

A Soviet Adventure

THE COMMISSAR OF THE GOLD EXPRESS. By V. Matvegev. New York: International Publishers. 1933. $1.

THIS reasonably priced little book is one of the best adventure stories to come out of Soviet Russia. It is fresh and fast-moving, and presents no problem to him who worries about what is or is not "proletarian literature." The background is the civil war which followed the Bolshevist revolution, at a time when the Reds were being driven back before the combined forces of the Whites, the Czechoslovaks, and the Right Socialist-Revolutionaries.

Just before the evacuation of Ekaterinberg, Rebrov, a commissar, is detailed to remove a great quantity of gold and jewels by train to Moscow. With sustained interest and excitement one follows the exploits of Rebrov as he attempts to execute his commission; as he returns, with a girl companion, for underground work in the city now held by the Czechs; as he escapes to Samara and, finally as he joins his comrades hot in pursuit of the Cossacks. The book may be recommended to children, especially those who possess—or have parents who possess—a smattering of Soviet history. There are many excellent drawings accompanying the text.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

IN a year-end desk cleaning I came across some fragments of a private diary kept by a young newspaper man during the War. Because Peace is one of the thoughts I should like to keep in mind in 1934, and because the young man wrote what he did with no idea of print, I am using a few extracts here.

1917

Came upon a photo of dear old H., killed last year in France. I had again the feeling, that comes to me on a tide of misery now and then, that this war is wholly foul, miserable, brutish, detestable and insane; and that every word said that tends to glorify it, or dignify it, is treachery to mankind. The loathsome horror of it makes one sweat with nausea and shame, overwhelms, degrades one.

Met B. W., who recently finished his third prison sentence. He crossed the ferry with me. The passion and conviction of his faith in a new world to come and the perfectibility of human affairs very moving: reminds me of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey in the early days of the French Revolution. And by the Lord, he's brave! We sat on the stern of the ferryboat, slipping down the river in the dusk, and he said: "You remember what Horace said, indignation makes poetry. I'm wondering whether you have enough indignation to make a poet. You're too contented. You're getting fat. Remember what Dante said about the work that had kept him thin for thirty years. If you find your work making you fat, you can be sure it's not immortal."

I noticed, with something of a thrill, the Stars and Stripes flying on the *Vaterland*.

And yet the Germans have *got* to be whipped if there ever is to be any peace. O hell, one's mind goes round and round the gigantic problem. I suppose we must go on until they are shoved out of France, where they have no right to be. But slaughtering brave men in the trenches seems so poor a way of punishing the German military system.

One way of making writing possible would be to have a desk handy just off Fifth Avenue, not far from the Library. One could walk up and down on sunny mornings to let one's mind out on the leash.

The gulf between the have's and the have-not's is growing wider and wider, B. W. says; the misery of the under dogs greater and greater. He is a good dynamite for social complacency; I think he has class hatred on the brain; where he sees only rapacity and cruelty on the part of Big Business, I must confess I see many signs of healthy social conscience. . . . We watched the shimmering gold-spangled miracle of lower Manhattan in the cool autumn dusk: an infinitely beautiful sight.

April, 1918

The hideous slaughter in Flanders and France continues. The world is in haemorrhage. Germany thunders at the gates of Amiens and Ypres. Their long range guns have been potting Paris for over a month by way of desultory frightfulness.

Day by day this nation girds itself for a long bitter struggle. In the still late hours of the night, after the dregs and shavings of the day are drained off my mind, and I seem able to think clearly, it seems to me that the one thing the world needs is instant Peace. It would be esteemed pro-German treachery to say so: yet it seems a bitter cruel fallacy that both sides must cry "In order that these millions may not have died in vain, let us throw more millions into the bonfire."

The mind is scarcely able to argue through so fearful a web of pain and misery to any sane conclusion. It seems undoubted that the German military party, in cold-blooded ambition and cynicism, unloaded this pestilence on the earth. But it also seems as though the war would go on until the nations are all gutted and bled and impoverished beyond conception.

If the younger generation in all nations —the men under 40—could get together, I think the world could be equitably redressed and reparcelled without more fighting. Sometimes it seems like an old men's war, planned, lit, and fanned by the elders. . . . Any lover of humanity, who would not willingly deny to any human being his portion of sunlight and free labor and light wine, must watch with overpowering anguish and fear. Nor is it mere unwillingness to accept personal service that makes one long for peace. I suppose there are thousands of men who would face a firing squad with a light heart if they knew their doing so would end the slaughter.

May, 1918

The only way the world will ever win its way back to happiness and good will, after this appalling war, will be by keeping open the channels of charity and understanding; by keeping clearly in mind that great masses of populations know nothing of the truth: they are fed distortions and dilutions of it: that, as soon as war breaks out, Truth flees the arena utterly.

Granted that the military power of Germany must be broken, yet we must, somehow, keep channels open for future communication. Wanton, senseless and flippant jibes at the German people are part of the stock-in-trade of almost every newspaper these days. They avail nothing to help the war. But curiously enough the atmosphere of a newspaper office is so subtly perversive that one finds oneself writing the cheap sneer, the easy and mob-suggested snarl, before one knows it.

Saddened, as I sit here, by hearing (through a quiet rustle of rain) the poignant and heart-searching chords of the Marseillaise, played on a piano by someone across the street. A gallant, blood-quickening air, but with a haunting grief in it.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM FRANCE

SIR:—I just started this card to report on a French literary oddity, but there's been a disconcerting interruption. I'm staying with some French friends, and we are all grouped peaceably round the salamandre in the salle à manger—at once workshop for one boy's bookbinding, music room (i. e. the T. S. F. which at the moment is relaying from Napoli "l'orchestra sinfonica de Boston"—en disques) and study for the two busy with their devoirs de lycée—a scène de foyer to be found this evening in every town in France. Suddenly someone reads aloud from *L'Excelsior de Paris:* "Une dépêche arrivée à Londres annonce la mort, à Hongay en China, de la célèbre romancière anglaise Stella Benson qui a succombé après une courte maladie, à une pneumonie."

Many appreciations will be written in England and the U. S., but they don't matter to me, compared to this sense of immediate personal loss—a feeling which I had at the news of C. E. M.'s death and not since then.

But what I wished to tell you about is the play, "*Boudu Sauvé des Eaux,*" by René Fauchois. It is, to my admittedly insufficient knowledge, the first play to present a bookseller as hero. That was all I knew of it when I went to see it, imagining that at last here was a French play which would be necessarily different, not built on the eternal triangle. Mais, figurez-vous comme j'étais déçue—car, à la fin de la pièce, il y avait non pas un cocu mais deux! With, for good measure, two babies in the offing. A play décidément à la gloire du libraire français!

HELEN GALLAND.

Nantes, Loire-Inferieure.

EUCLID IN OHIO

SIR:—Since you have shown some curiosity regarding the name *Euclid* as used in Cleveland, I have looked up some historical details. Kennedy, *History of Cleveland* (page 60) states:

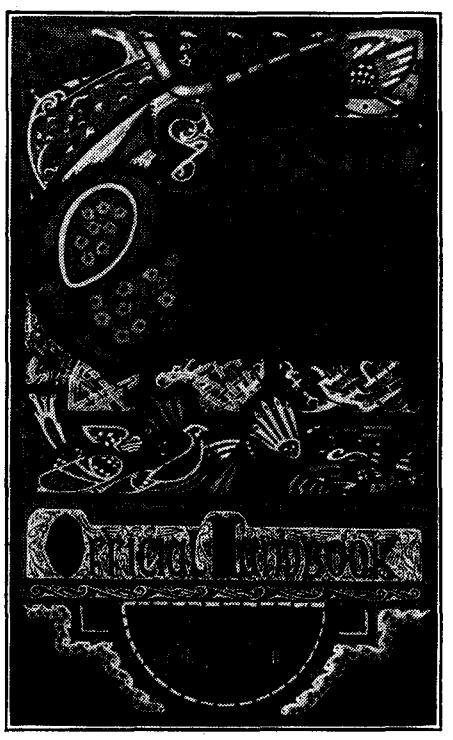
> The year 1797 saw a marked addition to the street lines of Cleveland. "Central Highway" was laid out as a road into the country, but as it led to the new town of Euclid, it became known as Euclid road. (Euclid is located about six miles east of Cleveland.)

Johnson, *History of Cuyahoga County* (page 452) states regarding the town of Euclid:—

> The education of the principal surveyors having been chiefly mathematical, they agreed to call their township by the name of the great mathematician, *Euclid.* The name has ever since been retained.

W. J. CRAWFORD, JR.

Cleveland, Ohio.



Symbolic cover design of the SAORSTÁT EIRANN OFFICIAL HANDBOOK (*Talbot Press, Dublin*)—*brilliant in colors which unfortunately cannot register in this reproduction.*

"THIRD SINGLES TO WOLVERHAMPTON"

B. Q., of Akron, Ohio, reports on a literary pilgrimage once made by himself and G. Q. to Wolverhampton, England:—

> We made our pilgrimage from London. As we were proceeding via the Underground to Paddington to buy our tickets, a terrifying thought occurred to me. What if Wolverhampton, like most other long place-names in England, had had its pronunciation shortened, though retaining its original spelling? Cholmondeley's contraction to "Chumly" flashed through my mind. Might not Wolverhampton be known verbally as Woolerton? Or even Wumpton?
>
> G. and I discussed the situation seriously. We both have the American's fear of appearing ridiculous abroad, and I detested the prospect of facing an overbearing Cockney ticket seller, whom I knew, from past experience, would shout disagreeably at my timid efforts to tell him our destination.
>
> Of course, we could have written the name of the city on a slip of paper (a thing that an Anglo-Saxon in France must almost certainly do if, for example, he wishes to go to Cagnes without first buying tickets to Cannes and Caen). But we agreed that would be a definite act of weakness in a country where the language is allegedly the same as ours. Besides, we reached that conclusion and the station simultaneously, —and it was very nearly train time.
>
> We decided that a middle course should be followed, so with considerable apprehension I asked for two Third Class tickets to "Wolverton," which seemed to me to be a reasonable attempt at semi-elision in the best British tradition.
>
> But true to my fears, a high pitched, arrogant "Wot? Wot s'y?" echoed through the resounding halls of Paddington. My mumbled repetitions failed to bring enlightenment. Finally, with heavy sarcasm the Cockney sneered, "Why'ncher spell it?" Presenting a view of flaming ears and neck to the waiting line behind me, I did so.
>
> "Ow," cried the ticket seller, "you mean Wol-ver-hamp-ton."

REMEMBERING GEORGE GISSING

It is exactly thirty years since the death of George Gissing, and the Green is happy to print the following generous communication as a timely memorial.

SIR:—A random note in your column yesterday reminded us that almost a year ago a similar bit which at the time we confidently looked upon as pay-dirt, had inveigled us into subscribing to THE SATURDAY REVIEW. In it you all but promised to pass an afternoon in George Matthew Adams's office studying the note book George Gissing carried with him in this country, and to report to your readers later. To put it mildly, we are still waiting. . . .

Between the two notes we discovered a new and happy approach to G. R. G. of whom we are a devotee. We were merrily flipping the files of the New-York (hyphen please) Tribune for 1903 when we were somewhat startled to find on the very front page of the December 29th issue—this heading, in small capitals, and flash:

GEORGE GISSING DEAD

Well Known Novelist Expires from Consumption in Pyrenees

London, Dec. 28—George Gissing, the novelist, died from consumption today at St. Jean-de-Luz, in the Pyrenees. He was born at Wakefield, England, November 22, 1857.

Under a dash we read: "Gissing received the ordinary education of the English middle class boy, but did not take a university course. He showed early an aptitude for languages, and spoke fluently, Spanish, German and Italian. He began work as a tutor in a private school, but after two years he decided to venture a literary career, and with only a little money went to London. His work did not at first find ready acceptance, and he was compelled to support himself by tutorin His first novel, "Workers in the Dawn appeared in 1884 and was well receive Two years later Mr. Gissing began hi connection with Smith, Elder & Co. . . ."

The notice continues with a list of most of Gissing's books. The closing sentence is: "In almost all of his work he chose to take a sad view of life, unrelieved by any suggestion for its betterment."

To find even a few inches of front-page space devoted to Gissing by a New York daily 30 years ago, consoled us. However, we found that the very next day the same paper ran an editorial, using Gissing's name for a title, which seems to us a most fitting tribute to the excellent qualities of sincere and direct vision we have always found in his works. The author, who certainly shows an understanding of the man Gissing and his love for beauty, errs in citing "The Unclassed" as his first book and, also, we believe, in the reference to Sicily, for we do not recall that Gissing's trip, as jotted down in "By the Ionian Sea," that delightful record, took him far from the mainland of his beloved Italy.

Is it possible the editorial writer knew nothing of Gissing's visit to the United States in 1876-1877, and would it not have greatly pleased Gissing to know that he received such recognition in a country that he must have felt unkind on the occasion of that visit?

R. B. WASHBURNE.

Williamstown, Mass.

No worthier book has been published this year than *Everybody's Lamb,* a volume of well-chosen selections from Elia, the immortal letters, and Lamb miscellanies. A. C. Ward is the editor, and the superb drawings by E. H. Shepard are a delight. (Harcourt Brace, $3.75). It has been interesting to watch the rediscovery of Lamb as the centennial of his death approaches. Mr. Ward in a spirited introduction makes the necessary distinction between Lamb himself and the "gentle Elia" of sentimental tradition. "Elia," the personality he assumed for purposes of print, has done much harm among the hastier sort of readers. "Elia" was a mask; a smooth, enchanting mask, but there were strange lines in the face behind it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Poetry and Religion

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE. By G. Wilson Knight. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ELMER MORE

IT is a pity that Professor Knight is so bent on wearing the robes of prophecy and on chanting always in the tone of oracular inspiration. It is a pity that, to speak the word bluntly, he flaunts a face of conceit, as if he and he alone possessed a key to the eternal veracities. This is regrettable for the reason that he really has something to say, but must say it in a manner to arouse all sorts of personal antagonisms and allegiances which are equally one-sided and may be equally foolish. It is a pity also, to pass from the manner to the matter of his vaticinations, that in making his comparisons—and his whole theory reduces to a single great comparison—he so often forgets the distinctions which separate things like, while exaggerating the resemblances which unite things unlike. This may sound cryptic, but is really quite simple. For instance, the final thesis of the book might be described as desire to reintegrate poetry and religion, as in the past this has been done in such supreme works of the imagination as the New Testament, Dante's "Commedia," Shakespeare's dramas, and Goethe's "Faust."

Now the point is that in itself such a reintegration may be profoundly fruitful, some would go so far as to say profoundly necessary if literary criticism is ever to get out of its present entanglement in pedantic technicalities and psychological subtleties. I would say therefore that Mr. Wilson's insistence on the similarities between the Gospels and great poetry has a value, and a high value for both religion and art; yet his comparison leads finally to confusion rather than to clarity owing to the fact that, while harping on the resemblances he is so prone to forget as seemingly to deny the distinctions between the two. As a consequence the religion of the New Testament tends to dissolve into fiction and so to be stripped of its spiritual authority, while the poems tend to lose their artistic appeal in an assumption of religious authority. And this general confusion extends to particulars. The function both of religion, as seen in the mission of Christ, and of fiction, as seen in the supreme poets, is to enhance life. Mr. Wilson quotes for one of the mottoes of his book the pertinent lines:

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death, for which we pant.

And this life that we want is a creative power, connected with the dynamic force of love and symbolized in birth and regeneration. All of which is a truth and may be used to illuminate both the religion of Jesus and the poetry of the great "makers." There is a note of similarity between the love, let us say, of Romeo for Juliet or of Faust for Gretchen and the Great Commandment of the New Testament. But there is a difference too, a difference which may diverge to utter antagonism.

Mr. Knight, if I understand him rightly, would admit this distinction, which can indeed be gathered from some of his own words when he is on guard. The pity of it is that in his role of romantic enthusiast he must chant the similarities between the Uranian Eros and the Pandemian Eros so ecstatically as to create the impression that they are one and the same person. There are passages from which the uncautious might gather that Mr. Knight held Jesus and D. H. Lawrence to be equal, or almost equal, evangelists of truth and purity; and other passages from which one might suppose that the baser eroticism of the cinematograph and the law of Christian love were practically identical. Likeness, similarity, is that upon which the imagination feeds, whereas distinctions are the province of the cold faculty of reason; and Mr. Knight must be always the prophet of the imagination rather than the prosaic reasoner. It is a pity. He lays himself open to scurrilous ridicule from every side: the non-religious critic laughs at his attempt to elevate poetry by assimilating it to the New Testament; the religious will deplore his readiness to value the New Testament by the canons of art; while the critic who perceives an element of truth in both these methods is repelled by a style that drowns comparison in confusion. Yet beneath all Mr. Knight's rhapsodies there is, if one can discover it, a basis of hard truth. I for one am willing to admit that through his symbolism I have got something which will add a little to my appreciation of Shakespeare and Goethe, if not to the New Testament or to Dante.

"Symbolism" is the term dear to Mr. Knight's heart. Now symbolism is a word full of meaning, and its application to criticism may be broadly fruitful, as it has been, despite his extravagances, in our critic's earlier work. The danger is that the word is full of meanings, as well as of meaning, and to forget this is to lay traps for one's self at every step. As this is a matter important not only for literary criticism but for religious theory, and particularly so when, as in Mr. Knight's divagations, the two fields are brought together, it may be worth while to indulge in a bit of scholastic definition.

The point I would make is that there are four distinct varieties of symbol. First is that which may be distinguished by the term significance. A good illustration, and one used by Mr. Knight, is the flag. To the British subject, for instance, the Union Jack is a symbol of the Empire, and the sight of it may stir him with the most powerful emotions. But such a symbol is purely significative in so far as it is nothing more than an arbitrary, or conventional, sign of that which it signifies. Any other sign, if agreed on and become customary, would evoke the same emotions.

Next comes what may be designated as the metaphorical symbol; and again I choose for illustration an example employed by Mr. Knight. In his chapter on Symbolism he quotes these lines from "Hamlet":

> Such an act
> That blurs the blush and grace of modesty,
> Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
> From the fair forehead of an innocent love
> And sets a blister there. . . .

And his comment is: " 'Only a metaphor.' And therefore the less true? Rather, I should say, the more true. A metaphor is a very perfect example of the symbolic process. . . . We have a complex woven of passionate thinking and visual apprehension." Here evidently the rose is a symbol of innocent love, as the Union Jack is a symbol of empire. But mark the difference. It is not merely conventionally significative as is the flag, but metaphorical in the sense that there is some natural self-suggesting resemblance between the visible object and the moral state. Literally the rose is not innocent, nor is innocence optically beautiful; but almost instinctively the imagination will substitute one term for the other. And that is metaphor.

In the third form of symbol we pass from what is strictly the field of literature to that which is more properly the field of religion. I would call it commemorative, and for illustration would refer to the feelings of a Christian before a cross or, *a fortiori,* a crucifix. Again the cross is a symbol significative and metaphorical; but it is also commemorative because by its identity in form it acts upon the memory and recalls what happened upon a particular cross.

And fourth we have the sacramental symbol as this is understood by the Catholic Christian in the act of eucharistic communion. Here the bread is a significative and metaphorical and commemorative sign of the body of the crucified. But to the believer it is something more than that: it actually and of itself brings to him a participation in that spiritualized body. It is at once symbol and the thing symbolized.

It will be seen that these four types of symbol merge one into the other, in so far as the lower type persists into the higher; but withal it is vital to remember that the lower does not include in itself the higher. We may say that a sacrament, while being something more, is still a symbol; but we should not say, if we are speaking precisely, that the significative symbol is also a sacrament. Further it is clear that all four types are dynamic in the sense that each is effective in producing emotion and action; but again we should not forget that they are dynamic in quite different ways. To take the extremes: the flag is a dynamic symbol, but its efficiency is not at all in the symbol itself, in the bit of colored bunting, but in a conventional association of the flag with empire; the dynamism is entirely in the mind of the beholder. On the other hand the Catholic Christian believes that the consecrated elements are a dynamic symbol because they possess in themselves a power to produce a change in him; that is the meaning of the technical term *opus operatum.*

Now, as I have said, the significative and the metaphorical symbols are the proper instruments of the imagination in literature, while the commemorative and the sacramental pertain to the sphere of religion. The two pairs are different classes of a process that falls under the general name of symbolism, and they have their points in common. Literary and religious symbolism may thus be used by the critic to illustrate and reinforce one the other. But to do this, as Mr. Knight does practically (I am not sure whether this is his intention), without bearing in mind the concomitant distinctions is to ensnare one's self in confusions which blunt the critic's finer appreciations of the special functions of both literature and religion.

Paul Elmer More, essayist and philosopher, was at one time literary editor of the Independent *and later of the* New York Evening Post. *He was editor of the* Nation *from* 1909–1914, *when he retired to Princeton, where he now lives. Among his longer works are "Platonism," "The Religion of Plato," "Hellenistic Philosophy," and "The Christ of the New Testament."*

A New Reading Experience for a New Year

THE BOOK OF TALBOT

by
Violet Clifton

In the three months since its publication in America, thousands of readers have been acquiescing to J. Donald Adams's review in the *N. Y. Times:* "To read it is a unique experience; there has been nothing quite like it before; it is unlikely that there ever will be again. . . . It is a book touched a hundred times with beauty."

440 pages, $3.50

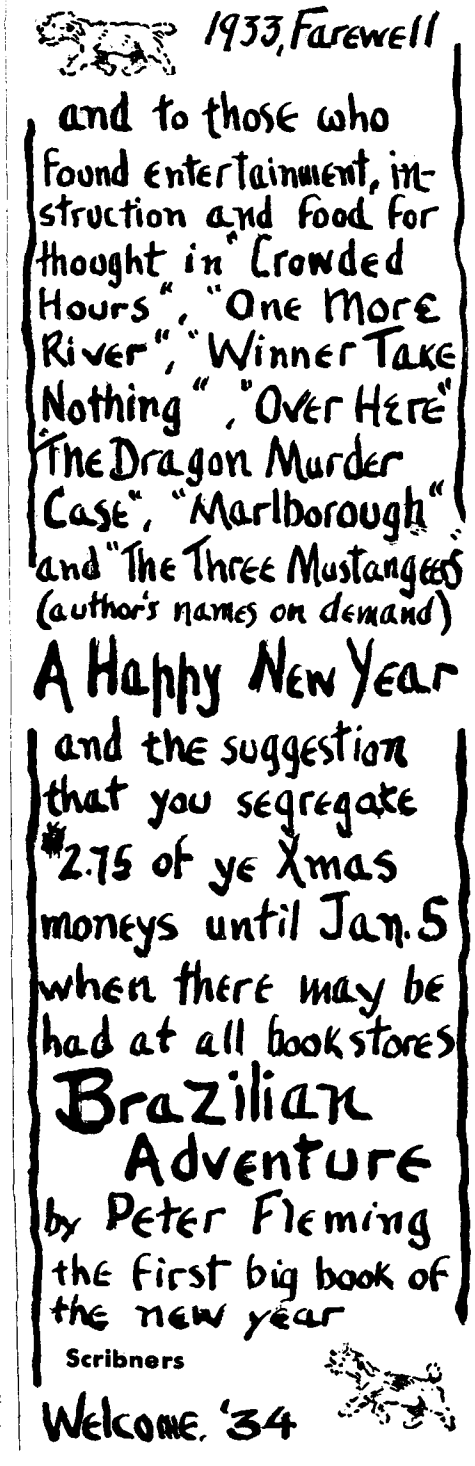
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Ave., N.Y.

French Tapestries

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER AND THE BEAUVAIS TAPESTRIES. By Maurice Block. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by CHANDLER R. POST

THIS booklet (of forty pages) is of much greater significance than its size and modest title would imply. Intended evidently as a guide to the Beauvais tapestries done on Boucher's designs in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery at San Marino, California, it is perhaps not more comprehensive than an ideal guide should be; but, since the books that are ordinarily put into the hands of visitors to galleries and museums are such paltry and ill-informed affairs, it is an agreeable surprise to find that Mr. Block's little volume comprises not only lucid and well-phrased descriptions of the tapestries in question, but discussions, both scholarly and pleasing, of the cultural environment in which they were produced, of the origin and general characteristics of the rococo style, of Boucher's life, development, and esthetic achievement, and of the history and methods of the art of tapestries. A large order for so small a compass! But the author, being thoroughly conversant with his material and a master of exposition, is able to condense his knowledge into succinct and piquant paragraphs that will prove of permanent value to students of French art of the eighteenth century in general or will lead the as yet uninitiated into an intelligent appreciation of its captivating qualities. Mr. Block successfully concludes the task to which he has set himself by appending a nicely selected bibliography and adequate illustrations of the specimens of Boucher's tapestries in the Huntington Collection.


1933, Farewell
and to those who found entertainment, instruction and food for thought in "Crowded Hours", "One More River", "Winner Take Nothing", "Over Here" "The Dragon Murder Case", "Marlborough" and "The Three Mustangeers" (author's names on demand)
A Happy New Year
and the suggestion that you segregate #2.75 of ye Xmas moneys until Jan. 5 when there may be had at all bookstores
Brazilian Adventure
by Peter Fleming
the first big book of the new year
Scribners
Welcome, '34

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THANKS TO PROVIDENCE

SAMUEL FOSTER DAMON is an American poet who has a peculiar interest for me. He has been Associate Professor of English at Brown University for the past three years. He is rather an authority on *William Blake,* and also on that remarkable poet who is always spoken of in relation to *Edgar Allan Poe,* namely *Thomas Holley Chivers.* He is a Harvard man, and years ago compiled two volumes of eight Harvard poets each. His two books of poems, "Astrolabe" and "Tilted Moons," should be better known, because he can be exceedingly graceful, often witty, and always curious and interesting in his research. These I find fine qualities. There is usually, to use an old term, "relish" to what he writes. And I think he would have had fun discussing *Paracelsus* with *Robert Browning.*

Now a most curious new poem of his takes up the whole of the most recent issue of *Smoke,* a small poetry magazine of which he is one of the editors, a magazine upon which I have already commented in this department. It is published in Providence, Rhode Island. The poem is called "Seelig's Confession," and this Seelig, or Selig, it seems, was "One Time Magister of an Alchemical Community." "In 1694, a mysterious group of hermetic philosophers," runs Damon's note upon the poem, "joined [a group of Palatinate Pietists] settling in cabins and caves on the Wissahickon gorge." The earlier Pietists, under Francis Daniel Pastorius, had founded Germantown, Pennsylvania, two hundred and fifty years ago. The group of hermetic philosophers were probably Rosicrucians. Selig finally became a hermit. He was steeped in the works of Jacob Böhme.

It seems odd to find a modern poet writing of so strange a man and so strange a community, so alien to the present day. But I got one hint as to Mr. Damon's special interest in these matters from the fact that *Who's Who* gives the name of his mother as Sarah Wolf (Pastorius), evidently a descendant of Francis Daniel. Damon appends a Bibliography to his poem which attests its foundation in scholarship. All of which may sound very dry, but the poem is not. It is very much alive. I had just been reading a prospectus of *The New Masses* when I took up this issue of *Smoke,* and it interested me to see what entirely different types of minds coexist in the present day. But though Damon's quiet work may seem remote from the issues of our time and the topics of most burning interest, he has his particular niche and his value. I think both his scholarship and his poetry will gradually gain the greater recognition they deserve.

THE NEW MASSES

Stanley Burnshaw, poetry editor of *The New Masses,* sends me the following paragraph which he requests me to print:

> *The New Masses,* 31 E. 27th Street, New York City, will resume publishing on January 2nd as a national weekly, and is interested in receiving proletarian revolutionary poetry from new as well as established writers. *The New Masses* will pay for all contributions.

A HIDDEN PAGE

Last January I mentioned a business enterprise going forward in New Hampshire, and now *Curtis Hidden Page,* writer and educator, and sometime President of the Poetry Society of America, sends me from Gilmanton, New Hampshire, the first product of that enterprise, in the shape of his first list "of association books, first editions, book-plates, autographs, and limited editions from special presses." For more than forty years Professor Page has been a collector of books. The books he offers for sale are from his own library. He says in part, "I have spent a small fortune on my collections in the active years of life. Now they may help to support me in the quieter years. Some of them I shall miss—but not 'sadly miss.' In this as in life itself, I agree with my friend and master, Ronsard, whose anticipatory farewell, at fifty-six years old, I have rendered:

Full-feasted of this world, even as a wedding-guest
Goes from the banquet-hall, I go to my long rest;
As from a King's great feast, I go not with ill grace,
Though after me one come, and take the abandoned place.

Not but what I expect to live, and even to 'collect,' for thirty years more."

This first catalogue of Page's may well, in itself, become a collector's item. Also it may be mentioned that Professor Page is expert at cataloguing libraries and collections, and would be a valuable purchasing agent for private or public libraries, or dealers. He has acted as buyer in Europe for the Dartmouth College Library, and has book-hunted widely abroad. If, as every booklover does, you like to pore over booksellers' catalogues, you cannot afford to forego Professor Page's. The part about *Shelley's* books alone is worth your attention. For instance, here is Shelley's "Purkess: Library of Romance," inscribed to him by a boyhood friend, thirty volumes bound in one, the "penny dreadfuls" of that day. Shelley, in boyhood, loved what we would now call "dime novels." And there are many other interesting things expatiated upon by Professor Page.

MITCHELL OF HARTFORD

Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford has always been a favorite publisher of mine. He has got out many distinguished reprints, has published *Muriel Stuart's* poems, and is altogether a man of exceedingly good taste. Lately he has edited the elder *Disraeli's* "Curiosities of Literature," with eighty illustrations, for the price of three dollars. The original work was in six volumes, and now you get the cream of *Isaac Disraeli's* monumental research in one volume.

Mitchell's address is 27 Lewis Street in Hartford, and he himself is the author of a curious book, "Concerning Beards," a regular history of beards, real, false, and colored. Incidentally, he published jointly with Coward-McCann the works of *D. B. Wyndham Lewis,* of which over 100,000 copies were sold!

QWERTYUIOP

The best reply concerning the QWERTYUIOP society that we lately proposed was received from the University of Washington at Seattle, Washington. *William L. Dealey* and *August Dvorak,* both of that university, have, it seems, evolved a simplified keyboard. But hear Mr. Dealey:

> Although I certainly agree with all your comment on "professors versus poetry," nevertheless, I must deeply regret the hoary anachronism of a QWERTYUIOP club in this present of machinery and power.
>
> QWERTYUIOP is a chance arrangement of keys just as they were tossed together in the early seventies. Its most devoted apologists could never fit it closely to the sequences of your poetry or prose or of any written English.
>
> Hence, I am deeply sorry for your misguided correspondent, *Miss Molly Goodell,* of Louisville, Kentucky, who has sent you so charming a letter endorsing a QWERTYUIOP club (in which on November twenty-fifth you granted her charter membership).
>
> When will the QWERTYUIOP club discover that a simplified keyboard has been fitted to the English language and already runs the typing steadily along a comfortable home row (instead of that top bank!)?
>
> Because Miss Molly Goodell is touch-learning a curious relic of the seventies, she must learn two to four times longer and harder. Even after her Royal does hustle down each line, a fourth of all her writing will still be tortured by jerky jumps and hurdles to top and bottom rows, or by a left hand outrageously overworked on 3000 English words while her right idly loafs!
>
> Long live the ASONE TUHID club! —but not this ridiculous survival (QWERTYUIOP) from a past century.

Well, you better communicate with Mr. Dealey himself, if you wish to know more about it!

PRIZE EXPRESSION OF ALL TIME

I began a collection the other day, of "Prize Expressions of All Time" gleaned from contemporary literature. This is my Number One. I shall be glad to receive others.

"The gesture had been larger than Kenneth's stomach, and was coming home to roost upon a digestive system, etc., etc." —From "Stand Clear of Thunder," by Hagar Wilde (Little, Brown & Company).

The New Books

Biography

PHILIP II, THE FIRST MODERN KING. By Jean H. Mariéjol. Harpers. 1933. $3.75.

One wonders as one reads Mr. Mariéjol's calm, dispassionate survey of Philip's long, eventful reign why the legend of the King as the "Monster" has persisted down to the present day. True, he employed violence, hypocrisy, treachery, cunning to gain his ends, but surely not more than his contemporaries, Elizabeth and Catherine de Medici. And with that passion for legality which characterized his every act, it is only fair to assume, less arbitrarily. It probably means that many of the forces of which he was the storm center are more alive today than we would credit.

Certainly Philip is not a sympathetic figure. His lack of vitality, to which his chillness and reserve may have been partly due, his meticulousness, his passion for doing everything himself, his love of red tape and legal hair-splitting, his fanaticism, his inflexibility all tend to make him repellent. But, as Mariéjol points out, without attempting an apology, he was conscientious, hard-working, ascetic, as uncompromising with himself as with others, and utterly loyal toward his conscience and his state duties acording to his lights.

Even though *tout comprendre* does not entirely result in *tout pardonner,* nevertheless the figure of Philip, in this account, as in Hume's earlier work, is one that commands respect. With the historian's precision Mariéjol examines the most damning legends at length and throws them out of court. He makes it self-evident that in the case of the prince Don Carlos Philip was guided only by motives of state, and not because of his heir's supposed illicit love for his stepmother, Isabel of Valois, nor because he had accepted Protestantism. Both these allegations are false. Don Carlos was a moral and almost a mental imbecile. Philip saw that only disaster could ensue if he suceeded to the throne, and he had him put under confinement, and excluded from succession. The youth's delicate health, gluttonous habits, and rage and disappointment brought about a perfectly natural end.

Mr. Mariéjol, who is the author of a history of Ferdinand and Isabel, and of Catherine de Medici, is thoroughly at home in this dynamic epoch, and to his scholarly achievements he adds a direct, pungent style which holds up very well in translation. Sometimes the figure of Philip is obscured by the kaleidoscope of events taking place on the revolving stage of his vast empire, but this is probably inevitable. The discussion of the economic conditions of Spain under the first Hapsburgs is especially interesting. H. de O.

Fiction

YESTERDAY'S BURDENS. By Robert M. Coates. Macaulay. 1933. $2.

When a writer who has shown considerable ability in previous books and articles produces a novel that seems egregiously and desperately bad, a reviewer is inevitably faced with the hypothesis that the inadequacy may be his own and not the novelist's. Max Beerbohm expressed this dilemma in "Enoch Soames," and all readers of *The New Yorker* are familiar with Robert C. Benchley's mock modesty of approach to the pseudo-profound. With these celebrated precedents, we can at least have the courage of our convictions to say that "Yesterday's Burdens" is an unsuccessful effort. It is the story of Henderson, a lost generation specimen, who gradually loses his individuality in the crowd-scene of New York. (Henderson has no individuality to start with, which rather takes the edge off the idea.) Henderson's muddled divorce and confused love affair are provided with three alternative endings, by way, apparently, of emphasizing the generality of his situation and that unimportance of the individual which we've heard so much about. (Mr. Coates's idea of a love scene is to give an elaborate description of feminine undergarments and their contents. The purpose of this, of course, is not aphrodisiacal, but rather to make the point that psychology is unimportant.)

One item in favor of "Yesterday's Burdens," that it is not an imitation of Hemingway, is mitigated by an imperfectly assimilated Dos Passos influence, pervading the New York chapters of the story. The other chapters, consisting of the reflections of a book reviewer who is Henderson's friend and who tells the story, are written with a certain charm, if a little preciously. But when the publishers say on the jacket that Mr. Coates has the most delightful style since Charles Lamb, they are just asking for it.

G. S.

LOOK BACK TO GLORY. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.50.

The glory was that of the Carolina Low Country, which Mr. Sass knows as do few others. Almost every page of this novel is rich in the color of a region prodigal in its wealth of color. The figures in Mr. Sass's story move against a background painted in with sure touch. The magic of the Low Country is caught both in its people and its setting and is held sustained in an achievement of writing which is easily the author's best.

The period of this glory was in the years before the War of the Secession. Much romantic nonsense has been written of Southern life at this time; the truth itself is ample witness to the fact that the privileged class enjoyed a life blessed in its pleasures, and in the Low Country this life was at its best. Mr. Sass does not overdo the glory that was Charleston. His picture is all the more convincing for being faithful.

The story is the tale of Richard Acton, who returns from diplomatic service abroad to a Carolina seething with secession talk. Love at first sight, a duel, estrangement from the girl who has won his heart, war experience, and final tragedy are Acton's lot. The darker hues of a civilization for the few based on slavery are not ignored by Mr. Sass. The South of 1850 in the Low Country has not been better done, and it was worth doing.

Some readers may be led to note some superficial resemblances in the setting of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Mr. Sass's story to those of "Peter Ashley"—the return of a native son from abroad, and his response to the issues of the day, the duel, and the service, without illusions, under the stars and bars. Mr. Sass's novel stands by and for itself, however, and is a worthy contribution to the historical fiction of the period and place.

C. McD. P.

Miscellaneous

THE GOLDEN AGE OF OPERA. By Herman Klein. Dutton. 1933. $4.

About Herman Klein his publishers tell us nothing. He is, however, known in this country as having written musical criticism for the *New York Herald* from 1902 to 1909. "Who's Who" reveals that he has been a music critic on various English papers since 1878, and Mr. Klein himself tells us that his career as an enthusiastic opera-goer began at the age of seven. "The Golden Age of Opera" is sketchy and anecdotal, and has perhaps less intrinsic interest for later generations than for those who share some of Mr. Klein's reminiscences. However, the author seems to have been present at every operatic première in London during the last sixty years, and there are items of information about Patti, Jenny Lind, Puccini, and other figures, which will find their way into music history.

G. S.

THE NEW PARTY POLITICS. By A. N. Holcombe. Norton. 1933. $1.75.

One of the most significant changes in post-war America has been the migration of the population from the country to the towns: a clear majority of the citizens now live in communities of 2,500 or more inhabitants. This is a fact whose implications are diverse and far-reaching, especially in the field of politics, in which this monograph approaches them. If there are to be new parties or new politics, it is certain that urban voters will have much to do with their success.

The old party alignments, as Professor Holcombe shows, were based upon the sectional interests of a predominantly rural electorate. It is his thesis that growing urbanization will identify parties more plainly with class distinctions. Submitting a careful category of American classes, he finds that the greater part of the voting adults are probably "proletarians," but shrewdly observes that classes depend not only upon the size of incomes but also upon the state of mind of their members. To be politically effective, a given class must be self-conscious enough to form the background of a party, and there are few signs that such an attitude could prevail over our democratic traditions. Consequently, neither a fascist nor a communist future for the nation can be realistically envisaged. The fact remains that the presidential elections are dominated by the ballots of the urbanized majority, which the author contends is a middle class whose exemplar is the familiar "average man," to whom most campaign appeals are addressed.

The comparisons of Marxism and Leninism, of Fascism and Hitlerism, with which the author precedes his analysis of the function of the middle class are enlightening, since they reveal fundamental problems in party ideology and methods whose solution enabled the leaders to control their respective countries. There are also instructive comments on civic training, the central concern of all democratic politics, and on the divergent views of government taken by the rural and urban citizen.

Brief Mention

"The City Without Walls: An Anthology Setting Forth the Drama of Human Life," arranged by Margaret Cushing Osgood (Macmillan: $4.50), is a religio-philosophical collection. It contains extended quotations (seldom complete pieces) from saints, spiritual teachers, poets, and pagans, arranged under such

(*Continued on page* 388)

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Learn all about it, its causes, effects, and the course it takes, in the current issue of
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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

AN ASIDE

THE unexpected has happened. Here are we, esconced at our typewriter, at eleven o'clock of the Saturday morning before Christmas absolutely disappointed of all our intentions. For we came to our office in the happy belief that since our business manager had declared a holiday we'd have a stretch of hours blissfully free from all interruption in which to make such inroads into our Clearing House correspondence as should put us into the good graces of our all too forbearing clients for ever. And what has hoppened to us? We've been rushing from one telephone to another as each instrument issues a peremptory summons with no operator to manipulate the calls, and we've been trying to pretend as we answer those intended for ourself that we don't hear the clamor going on in another office. If it weren't for the fact that our colleague, Christopher Morley, had been seized with the same inspiration as brought us down to a presumably empty office, we don't know what we should do about the situation. As it is, we know that at least some person at the end of a wire is having an entertaining few minutes. For Mr. Morley is a telephone conversationalist of the most engaging, one to whose spirited dialogue . . . But we can't finish our sentence, for there goes the telephone. To resume—One to whose spirited dialogue the office listens with delighted . . . The telephone again! . . . We give up. We're never going to finish that sentence about Mr. Morley's rare qualities as a telephone talker. It's just as well; we ought to be attending to our queries instead of wandering off on a side track. And now Mr. Morley has reappeared with (the telephone!!!) a bottle of applejack sent him as a Christmas gift with an invitation to us to partake of its cheer. But the telephone has interrupted him as he was about to open the bottle, and now we don't know whether we'll ever have a chance to get a sip of it.

Here he is with it, but two telephones are going at once. Mysteriously, however, the office force seems to have been augmented at the psychological moment by the business manager on his way to the Harvard Club, and the bookkeeper, so that there are enough persons to answer the telephone while Mr. Morley opens the bottle by tapping it against the wall. (The office boasts no corkscrew.) Well, we've had our first sip of applejack, and we think it will be our last. We'll try anything once, but we're not inclined toward spirituous liquors.

GUIDES TO MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE

This is madness. We've wasted perfectly good space writing about nothing, when we need all the space we can get to reply to queries. At any rate we'll attempt before we stop at least to answer the inquiry of *G. F. of Rockaway Beach, N. Y.* She wants a list of recent histories of music, reading material that would yield information useful for recitals and musicals, and a handbook that gives synopses of operas and short accounts of composers. As to the first part of her question, we repeat the suggestions we made not long ago for histories of music: Pratt's HISTORY OF MUSIC (Schirmer) and Elson's BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE. The history of music has been set forth by its foremost critics in FROM BACH TO STRAVINSKY (Norton), an anthology which should prove as interesting as it is useful. There is a new book, by Marion Bauer, on TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSIC (Putnam), and on the opera Herman Klein's THE GOLDEN AGE OF OPERA (Dutton) should prove interesting. Of course the best and most satisfactory way of covering the history of music is not through a single volume but through studies of individual composers. However, the books we have mentioned should make good introductory manuals, and together with Percy A. Scholes's A LISTENER'S GUIDE TO MUSIC (Oxford University Press), W. J. Henderson's ORCHESTRA AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC (Scribners), H. E. Krehbiel's HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC (Scribners) and A BOOK OF OPERAS (Garden City Pub. Co.), and Douglas Moore's LISTENING TO MUSIC (Norton), the appendix to which is especially arranged to give information for recitals and musicals, should furnish G. F. the assistance she needs. Gustav Kobbe's COMPLETE OPERA BOOK (Putnam) contains the stories of the operas with the leadings airs and motifs.

MORE OF X'S LIST

And now we remember with a start that we promised last week to continue in this the reading list for X for whom *K. S. M. of Chillicothe, O.*, had wished guidance in the selection of the classics and modern books. We broke off in the Victorian period, and before going any further shall cast a glance backward over what we omitted in that last instalment in which we mentioned nothing but fiction. Even now we shall take only a flying look at other works, lest if we do more we become hopelessly swamped. But we must of course make mention of Bacon's ESSAYS, More's UTOPIA, Sir Thomas Browne's RELIGIO MEDICI, the DIARY of Samuel Pepys, Boswell's LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, Macaulay's HISTORY OF ENGLAND and ESSAYS, Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL OF ROME, Carlyle's FREDERICK THE GREAT, THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, and SARTOR RESARTUS, and Matthew Arnold's ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. That brings us down again to the period at which we broke off. But yet another retrospect! We've mentioned no drama or poetry as yet, and X surely would wish to read some of both. He might perhaps find it wisest to begin with such books as Palgrave's GOLDEN TREASURY OR THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE, and at his leisure expand his reading of the poets by taking up at least Blake, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, Housman, and Masefield later in individual collections. So, too, with the drama: it might be best to begin with a good anthology, with such a collection as Montrose Moses's BRITISH PLAYS FROM THE RESTORATION TO 1820 (Little, Brown: 2 vols.), and his later REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH DRAMAS—VICTORIAN AND MODERN (Little, Brown).

Well, we're back again at fiction, coming down nearer to the present day. And as we go along we fear that unless we rigidly hold ourselves within bounds we'll be filling this department for weeks to come with X's list and nothing else. So we're going hoppitty, hoppitty, as Milne would say, from now on, jumping from Hardy and his RETURN OF THE NATIVE and TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES to Meredith and THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL and DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS to Kipling and— Ah, but there our resolution fails us, for we love Kipling with a very great love and we'd like to recommend all the earlier collections of short stories and KIM, and the JUNGLE BOOKS, and THE LIGHT THAT FAILED, and we don't care at all if the present generation doesn't accord him the admiration that their elders did, for we think that though his imitators may have deprived his works of the uniqueness they originally had they are still the tales of a master storyteller. We almost forgot to mention Barrie's LITTLE MINISTER and Max Beerbohm's ZULEIKA DOBSON, but now having done so we arrive at Joseph Conrad's LORD JIM and THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS, Arnold Bennett's OLD WIVES' TALE and H. G. Wells's ANN VERONICA, THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY, THE NEW MACHIAVELLI, and TONO BUNGAY. And now we are in the full midst of contemporary writing of much of which X is doubtless abreast. If his studies, however, haven't allowed him leeway for current fiction we suggest that he pick up the threads by reading Galsworthy's FORSYTE SAGA, Virginia Woolf's MRS. DALLOWAY and TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, Somerset Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE, Aldous Huxley's POINT COUNTER POINT, Katherine Mansfield's THE GARDEN PARTY, D. H. Lawrence's SONS AND LOVERS, Hugh Walpole's Herries series, J. B. Priestley's THE GOOD COMPANIONS, and Charles Morgan's THE FOUNTAIN. And, if he chooses to tackle it, within a few days as a result of Judge Woolsey's recent decision, he can begin to read Joyce's ULYSSES without having to bootleg a copy.

We're painfully aware that in the course of our mad dash through English literature we've forgotten such books as Butler's EREWHON and Strachey's EMINENT VICTORIANS and heaven knows how many others that will rise before our mind's eye at some inopportune moment. But we can't go back to insert what we've forgotten, for here we are at the end of a second instalment of X's list with no American book mentioned and continental literature entirely ignored. We'll get around, however, to giving him further titles sooner or later either in these columns or by letter.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of the Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

THE MIXERS wish you a happy new year and prosperous.

FOR SALE: Only book shop in south Florida city over 100,000 population. Established three years. Circulating library. Steady all year business. Selling due illness owner. Box 400.

SMALL Personal Gifts: *Philosophy and Poetry* by George Boas, $.75; *Some Roots of English Poetry* by Robert Hillyer, $.75; *New Horizons* by J. Edgar Park, $1.50. Post Free. Wheaton College Press, Norton, Mass.

WIDOW, lonesome, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, residing east or west, benevolently inclined, may write "John Randolph."

WANTED an IDEA or product. Old, well-established firm with plenty of capital operating in Rocky Mountain territory has seasonal business; needs new product to manufacture or distribute. Box 405.

WANTED lady or gentleman with wide acquaintance to organize New York dancing classes. Liberal commission. References exchanged. Box 407.

YOUNG German woman, 31, trained and experienced baby nurse, competent governess, refined, agreeable, sense of humor, wishes position in congenial home at adequate salary. Excellent references. Box 408.

FOR SALE six months of my life. Bachelor, 29, highly refined, much traveled, poetical author, social prestige, widely known. Your Bid? Box 409.

WANTED lady with means for educational enterprise. Box 410.

WILL ROGER communicate with Prissy, who is planning visit to New York. Box 411.

THE ANCIENT ART of talisman makers revived. Your birthday magic square and pattern drawn and interpreted. $5. Box 412.

AUTHOR of many books would offer his copyrights in exchange for country home. Has to live undisturbed with wife and infant son, while completing two years work on a new philosophy of sciences. Box 414.

WANTED:—MILLIONAIRE or thereabouts: booklover, enthusiast, business man. Purpose — establishment of revolutionary book distribution idea. Genuine proposition. NO PIKERS! No publishers or booksellers. I have references—have you? FORTUNE please copy. (C)4B—658 Lexington, N. Y. C.

GEORGIAN, 23, has made friends from 'Frisco to Shanghai to London—Manhattan has ignored me. Would like to meet good chess players or intelligent young ladies. Adventurer.

IS THERE an intelligent, non-Rotarian man around San Francisco, interested in meeting a young woman who is fed up with wisecrackers? Satiated.

BUSINESS MAN, over forty, unattached, tall, intelligent, tolerant, enjoying a fireside, a book, music, a snack of dancing, golf in moderation, preferring natural spirits to distilled, might find congenial feminine companionship in upstate New York. Five-foot-six.

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An Immortal Cleric

"HOW many lasting works of fiction"—the querist is Carroll A. Wilson—"have been written concerning college life?" It is a field, certainly, which awaits the attentions of the bibliographical pioneer, and that pioneer may well initiate his endeavors with the half-dozen titles which Mr. Wilson himself lists in "Verdant Green; or A Book Written in Spite of Itself," issued as a pamphlet some months since following its serial appearance in *The American Oxonian* for January, 1933. Mr. Wilson, who is conjoint Guglielmensian and Oxonian, who knows both the slopes of Greylock and the banks of the Cherwell, is able to approach his subject with the proper admixture of detachment and proximity.

The first "Verdant Green" book—"The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman"—was published at London in 1853 as a shilling unit in wrappers in Nathaniel Cooke's library of Books for the Rail. It has sold, by Mr. Wilson's computation, more than a quarter of a million copies, at no profit to the author, the Reverend Edward Bradley, beyond the lump sum of £350, which he received at the outset. Mr. Bradley was not an Oxford man; there is no definite proof that he was ever at Oxford at all, although Mr. Wilson is convinced that he was, and the burden of proof in this instance would appear to be on whoever sought to maintain that he was not. Bradley matriculated at Durham and took his degree in 1848; he became a licentiate in theology the following year, and was ordained in 1850. It was from the two patron saints of Durham that he took his pseudonym of Cuthbert Bede.

Mr. Wilson holds "Verdant Green" unique among books in that "here alone, so far as I know, illustrations came first and the text was written around them. More than that, the illustrations were completed and engraved some two years in advance, for an entirely different purpose, and before any text of any sort was even thought of." Not even "Pickwick" offers more than a pallid parallel to this bit of literary history, for while "Pickwick" was initiated as primarily a picture book, the pictures were to be accompanied by text, and the only question at issue was the extent of importance to be accorded to each element.

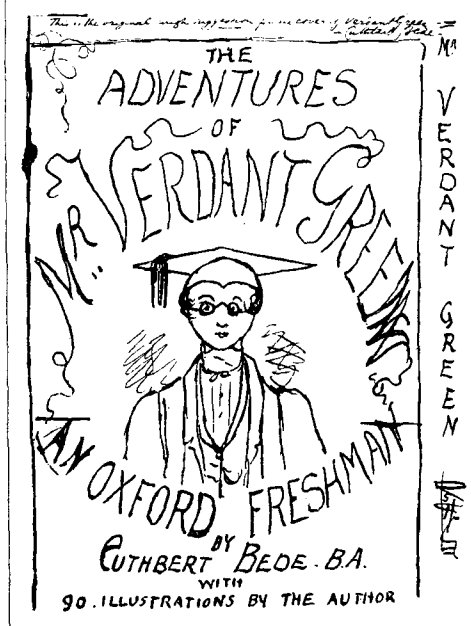
Mr. Wilson's monograph concludes with a long letter of Bradley's, never before published, which summarizes in the author's own words the history of the whole odd enterprise. The sketch here reproduced is from Bradley's "original rough suggestion" for the "Verdant Green" cover.

J. T. W.

These Times

AUCTIONS both here and abroad during the past half year support the trade's contention that wherever the economic curve may be tending, genuinely desirable books are still genuinely desired, and change hands at figures that bear no relation to commodity indices. The condition might not persist if the desirable books came out in quantity, but the most impressive phenomenon of these four disjointed years, so far as bookseller and book collector are concerned, has been the general lack of choice lots. Economic duress has not forced them out. The inference is, perhaps, that collectors are an unusually shrewd crew, wise over and beyond their era, and are thus able to avoid tumbling into a pit whence the sole exit is up a flight of steps made of costly first editions. Whether they came by this wisdom as a corollary to being collectors, or the other way about, or neither, none may say. There are numerous instances, however, of staple rarities having been put up privately as collateral for loans—enough instances certainly to prove that book collectors as a class have not utterly escaped the pinch.

It is true, also, that many collectors who might otherwise have parted with their libraries out of half-necessity have continued as static collectors on the theory that a true inflation would make goods more desirable possessions than dollars. In a slight degree this factor has also operated inversely—there has undoubtedly been a mild back-to-the-book movement for the inflationary account, but it



has not been of sufficient bulk to cause the bookseller to send up hurrahs as at a sign of the return of the good old days.

There is, indeed, an occasional bookseller whose spirits are at such low ebb that he not only is sure that the good old days are gone forever (which is probably true, and the best of riddance) but also that the old-fashioned collector has gone with them. Now the old school which these collectors attended had an annex for defective children, otherwise speculative collectors, and this annex has been closed up, wherein is cause for congratulation. There will never again, one hopes, be such a voyage into the bilbiostratosphere as the Kern sale.

The old-school collector, it happens, is not dead but sleepeth, and with one eye open. That eye still occasionally scans a catalogue, occasionally sets a check mark beside an arresting item, occasionally even follows up the check-mark with a check. And while the new school of collectors is yet to be heard from in quantity, a few of its representatives are already pleasantly vocal. There are signs that the long-hoped-for diffusion of interest among collectors, though still timorous and tentative, is a reality. The alert bookseller is fostering this interest with assiduity and intelligence. He has learned that while to sell a book for a thousand dollars is a goodly and pleasant thing, to sell a hundred books for ten dollars each is not utterly disagreeable. Even this delectable picture has not as yet been more than roughly sketched, but something that looks like it may one day serve as a panorama of the new collectorscape.

J. T. W.

Outre Mer

LONDON booksellers continue to send their catalogues in the wake of the course of empire, and welcome those catalogues are, with their quantity of illustration and of detailed annotation and description that few of their American competitors attempt to match. The catalogues of our own book-folk, however, possess at least one compensating advantage. Fine in England means one thing and in America something better (always allowing for numerous exceptions on both sides); fair *à l'anglaise* is apt to mean pretty horrid. Why catalogue a fair copy anyway?

Yes, the English catalogues keep coming, but they no longer carry inserted slips urging the American collector to take advantage of low exchange rates. It is hardly to be doubted that the compilers are not fully aware that today's pound is a more formidable medium than the pound of a year ago, yet prices in general fail to manifest any such awareness.

In particular, the belief seems to persist abroad that an American will pay any price asked for an American book—for any American book. It is incredible that more than a tiny fraction of the American books offered overseas find any buyers, American or Armorican, at some of the figures demanded, but the blind assurance gropes on. High-spottery has had much to do with the business; England has come to look upon the phenomenon as pervasive. Every American title is a high-spot—we are too proud a folk, in English eyes, to concede an occasional two-spot. Sydney Smith's query "Who reads an American book?" has been turned in upon itself; the answer, *anglice*, is "Every American, and every American buys American books, and collects American books," and prices are marked up to conform to this heartening patriotism. England and Europe still look upon America as a land whose streets are paved with gold, at no matter how much an ounce.

J. T. W.

PERSONALS

COUPLE, in town until first week March, desire rent immediately furnished apartment, two rooms, kitchenette; near subway. Please phone BRyant 9-0898 immediately. Box 416.

YOUNG WOMAN who has kept her head in the clouds and her feet on the ground, wants work, literary preferred. Has Phi Beta Kappa key, and sense of humor. Held varied jobs successfully, from being college registrar to keeping house. Box 419.

NEWSPAPER MAN, 29, will work anywhere. Columbia M.A. Yet, imaginative. Critic, books. TOKLAS? No.

WHO VALUES INTELLIGENCE? American Armenian, college graduate, desires position—governess, companion, secretary, in congenial home until New Deal opens professional possibilities. Teaching experience in school for blind. Boston.

IS THERE a Chicagoan (unattached, personable male, 30-50) seeking companion of attractive university girl (27) for informal Sunday night suppers, or the theatre, symphony, dancing? (Dutch-Treat.) Andrea.

YOUNG WOMAN, 26, likes beer, books, most animals, music, some people; dislikes gin, economics, necking, bridge, spiders. Would enjoy hearing from unattached man with same dislikes. "Aesthete."

IS THERE a lady, 25 to 35, interested in literature and outdoor life, who would correspond with young writer? Hervey.

WIDOW, university graduate, will care for motherless children. Ideal home. Write to Adeline Cook, Kahoka, Mo.

SINGLE WOMAN, middle-aged, optimistic, well educated; enjoys hiking, cooking, fine arts, especially poetry; dislikes bridge; desires congenial acquaintances, both sexes. Eva.

AMBITIOUS DRAMATIST, male, college training, theatrical experience, urgently needing work, seeks connection; city, country. References. Box 415.

PROFESSOR SPAULDING, Princeton, lectures on Metaphysics. January 4th and 11th—8:30 P. M.—Muhlenberg Forum—209 West 23rd Street.

IS THERE, in New York City or vicinity, an unmarried man who is interested in books, art, music and movies, who would care to correspond with a woman who enjoys these things? She is 40, and prefers a widower. C.

DELIGHTFUL board for winter months in So. college town—atmosphere, Charm—Climate—not too cold. Colonial Inn, University of Virginia.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old dilatory Quercus, suddenly overtaken by the holidays, is already too late for Christmas, but can still say that anyone wishing unusual gifts might well look into the unusual offerings of *Foliophiles*, who are Orientalia's bunkie at 59 Bank Street, New York. The ingenious Foliophiles choose small rare leaves from ancient broken books or medieval MSS and mount them beautifully for display. For instance, you can get a page from an Arabic MS of the Koran, about 1700 A.D., for 50 cents—a page from a Strassburg Horace (1498) with woodcuts and rubrications for $3.50, and so on. ☞Another delightful enterprise in Greenwich Village is the Gay Street Publishers, 18 Gay Street. Of their books they say:—

> They will be distinctly caviar. They will be no attempt to go the whole hog and tell the whole story. Rather they will be *choses choisies* for a limited, selected audience. They will be an attempt to avoid the tyrannies of mass methods. They will not cultivate the brisk, business-like types of modern art supposedly fool-proof and utilitarian. They will seek the lusher, poppy-strewn fields, groves under the starred cloak of night where mysteries are half whispered.

☞Will Solle, well known of old to customers at Kroch's bookstore in Chicago, has started his own shop at Omena, Michigan. In his first catalogue he writes with good courage:

> I am beginning again, not because I should, but because I must. For an indefinite period I dare not return to the conditions of city life, and in the meantime I must find a way to keep going. Here, in the northernmost American village on the 45th Meridian, I am endeavoring to begin a mail-order book business.

☞Old Quercus rarely gets out for lunch himself, but his emissaries keep telling him that The Duane at 237 Madison Avenue—with excellent cocktails at 25 cents and highballs at 30 cents—is now one of the favorite rallying places for publishers.

☞Henry M. Snyder, of 500 Fifth Avenue, representative in the Orient of many publishing houses, returned in high spirit from his six months' Eastern voyage. Abetted by our own W. S. H., he has just issued *Facts and Figures of Hawaii* by Louise Armstrong, which Governor Judd of Hawaii calls "comprehensive, accurate, and intelligent." It is a more serious publication than Mr. Snyder's previous offering, *The Virgin of Waikiki*, which dealt only with Figures.

☞100 genuine A & P potatoes, with a pen to stick in each and an old-fashioned hotel register for advance buyers to sign in, are being sent out by Doubleday to 100 bookstores for promotion on the new Sinclair Lewis novel, *Work of Art*—which is said to hinge upon the dreams of an ambitious hotel-keeper. ☞The 12-page elephant folio of Promotion Ideas sent out to The Trade to stimulate pre-natal interest in the Lewis novel is a brilliant piece of work. We suspect that R. B. Hunt, Doubleday's mostly anonymous expert in sales engineering, had much to do with it. ☞On January 1st *The New Masses* becomes a weekly magazine (instead of monthly). It announces itself as "the first revolutionary weekly in the United States. It will illumine the mad confusion of the capitalist scene with the searchlight of Marxian understanding." ☞Poor old Quercus, no special pleader, often thinks, when any individual solution is offered for our discontents, of two Latin tags he overheard in the High School at Elsinore—*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*, and, *in verba nullius magistri jurare addictus*. ☞The Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography at the University of Pennsylvania is held this year by Shane Leslie, distinguished biographer and bibliophile, who arrives from Britain about January 1st. His public lectures at the University of Pennsylvania will be: Jan. 11, *Dean Swift*; Jan 18, *The Rarest Irish Books*: Jan. 25, *A Page of Irish Medieval History*

☞Old Quercus is pleased to see Kenneth Roberts's fine historical novel, *Rabble in Arms*, doing well. Meanwhile Mr. Roberts himself writes from Oxford that he finds that ancient city "perishing cold. All the treasures of the Bodleian are uncontaminated by heat." ☞In re the specially bound copy of *Anthony Adverse* sent to President Roosevelt (illustrated in TRADE WINDS of December 16) we should have given credit to the Bennett Book Studios of 160 East 56th Street, New York, who executed the delicate inlay work of sword, candlesticks, etc., designed by the talented Ernst Reichl. ☞The Casanova Bookshop (2611 N. Downer Avenue, Milwaukee) has published *This Book Collecting Racket* by H. Warren Schwartz—500 copies at $1 each. Mr. Schwartz's book is said to deal with various frauds, abuses and absurdities of the "Limited Edition Racketeer" and "How the 'Publishers Are Muscling In." Chapters on the piracies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Recent Book Thefts, and Forged Firsts should make exciting reading. ☞Charles M. McLean of Pettibone-McLean (Dayton, Ohio) is a genial bookseller who has learned that one grin is worth a dozen squawks. His annual Xmas broadside begins with a humorous (and, happily, quite imaginary) photo of a group of tycoons round a long mahogany table—he calls it "a picture of my creditors, picking the bones of the booksellers." ☞Another very agreeable holiday greeting came from the Plymouth Book Shop of Brooklyn, which says, "Although our principal occupation is that of buying and selling books, we pride ourselves on the number of persons who visit us, chat about many things and depart without having dislodged themselves from a single dime. We wish for many more such friends, as the dividends from such conversations are of immeasurable value." ☞In number 15 of *The Colophon* our admired colleague John T. Winterich writes a delightful piece on *The Unsubstantial Character of Fame*—referring to Elizabeth Akers (1832-1911) who wrote *Rock Me to Sleep* and created one of the world's most famous couplets—"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight," etc.

☞Old Quercus sent our Special Representative R. B. to attend the recent christening party for the 275,000th copy of *Anthony Adverse*, held at the Wolff Bindery. R. B. reports having enjoyed a spirited social occasion, but (like a good reporter) also brought back Facts. E. g., that the "N" in Napoleon's crest used in *Adverse* promotion was printed backwards, but was never changed by the wary publishers for fear of spoiling the Luck. ☞In the recent revival of enthusiasm for Stamp Collecting, some of our readers may be interested in *Portraits on Our Postage Stamps*, by Edmund B. Thompson, published by Hawthorn House, Windham, Conn. This is a compilation of notes on the paintings and sculptures from which U. S. postage portraits derive—60 pp., bound in boards, $1.00. ☞Fifth Avenue was agog the other afternoon with the rumor that Good Times were coming back: a de luxe set of Mark Twain was said to have been sold by a Fifth Avenue dealer for $1,000. That is how the rumor reached Old Quercus; it would be interesting to know if the facts support it. ☞In the catalogue of Clara Tice's library, sold lately at Rains Auction Rooms in New York, we found an entry which specially pleased us. A copy of Oscar Wilde's *Sebastian Melmoth*, cased by Zaehnsdorf, was described as "a discreetly handsome binding." ☞Judging by the newspaper accounts the de luxe books bought by the late Ivor Kreuger (and recently dispersed by sale) were no better chosen than some of his securities.

★

Until
Twelfth Night

JANUARY 6, 1934

You may happily repair any accidental slips of memory in your recent shopping list. . . . Any friend would be happy to receive a Gift Subscription to The Saturday Review—and if you send more than one we can give you a copy of

REVIEWING TEN YEARS
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This 24-page resumé by W. R. B., charmingly printed in a handsome booklet with 2-color cover and autographed by Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, William Rose Benét, and Christopher Morley, is not only a thoughtful essay on the writings of our time but also an ITEM of strongly personal associations. Send us the names and addresses of two (or more) friends whom you would delight to honor, and your remittance (special Christmas rate of $3 per subscription). A complimentary copy of REVIEWING TEN YEARS will go to you at once.

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Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON

NEARLY two-thirds of *Publications of the Modern Language Association* for September is devoted to dramatic studies, mostly Elizabethan and technical. In "The Meaning of Hamlet's Soliloquy" Irving T. Richards argues that Hamlet is "not meditating suicide but explaining why he must procrastinate"; he "must wait till the king's guilt [is] apparent on 'grounds more relative' than the ghost's accusation, so that he may proceed to vengeance with a clear conscience, no longer fearful of jeopardizing his peace in death by . . . the sin of unjustifiable regicide." . . . B. Sprague Allen holds that Juliet, in the original productions of the play, undoubtedly appeared at a window and not on a balcony, both the word and the structure being unknown in England until after Shakespeare's death. . . . In *Modern Language Notes* (Johns Hopkins) for November Richard A. Newhall's "An Historical Bardolph" reveals from old muster-rolls the odd fact that Sir John Fastolf—the original of Falstaff—had in his garrison at Honfleur in 1428 a man-at-arms named Johan Bardolf.

Two current articles on Shelley are noteworthy. Leonard Brown's "The Genesis, Growth and Meaning of *Endymion*," in *Studies in Philology* (University of North Carolina) for October, considers Keats's poem as a reply to Shelley's "Alastor." "Whereas the Poet [in 'Alastor'] in giving himself only to his own passion won nothing on this earth, Endymion in renouncing his own passion won life and triumph. Whereas Shelley could speak of this world . . . as 'This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate,' Keats could name it instead the 'vale of Soul Making.' Essentially this is the difference between the two poems, and the difference between the two poets." . . . In *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* (University of Illinois) for July, Fred L. Jones's "The Revision of 'Laon and Cythna'" effectively disposes of Thomas Love Peacock's story—accepted without question by most editors and biographers except Dowden—that Shelley revised the poem against his will and insisted that the revisions had spoiled it. Peacock told the story forty years after Shelley's death; Shelley's own letters at the time show no such thoughts. . . . By a coincidence, the same point was made independently by Marcel Kessel in *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) for September 7.

Among current studies in criticism, Edgar A. Stoll's "Belial as an Example" (*MLN*) continues to expound his theories of the relations of art and life—of how the poet's creative imagination transfigures raw material. "Truth itself is bare and bitter, mean, and dull. Art is the world created anew." . . . In *PMLA* Hans W. Hausermann considers "Aldous Huxley as a Literary Critic," concluding that "Huxley's literary creed is an essentially classical one," though he "does not grasp the full import of classicism." A Huxley student, consulted on this point, insists that Mr. Hausermann does not grasp the full import of Huxley, who is more humanist than classicist.

Hardy was a frugal man. H. C. Webster's "Borrowings in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles'" (*MLN*) points out that several descriptive passages in the novel are taken over bodily from articles which Hardy had previously published in magazines.

"The Blindness of Milton" (*JEGP*), by W. H. Wilmer, is a clinical study based on all the extant evidence, including the portraits. Dr. Wilmer diagnoses glaucoma—a much more convincing diagnosis than Denis Saurat's theory of hereditary syphilis.

The New Books

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heads as "Hymns of Praise," "Satan and Hell," "Eternity and Time," "Wisdom," and "Vision." It has value not only for its proper audience, but generally as a sort of special supplement to Bartlett. . . . "In Scotland Again" by H. V. Morton (Dodd, Mead: $3) is a companion volume to this popular author's "In Search of Scotland," a personal narrative with appropriate flashbacks into history. The illustrations are plentiful and attractive, but reproduced in a weird color.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Nelson. B. Tunstall. Macmillan. 75 cents. *Chopin.* B. Maine. Macmillan. 75 cents. *Nietzsche.* G. Abraham. Macmillan. 75 cents. *Haig.* Brig.-Gen. Chauteris. Macmillan. 75 cents.

ECONOMICS

Emile Durkheim on the Division of Labor in Society. G. Simpson. Macmillan. $3.50. *Hezekiah Niles as an Economist.* R. G. Stone. Johns Hopkins Pr. *The Secret of Steady Employment.* F. Creedy. Putnam. $1.75.

HISTORY

Poland. S. Karski. Putnam. $2. *The Anti-slavery Impulse.* G. H. Barnes. Appleton. $3.50. *English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century.* C. Brinton. London: Benn.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Critical Bibliography of the Works of Edmund Spenser. F. R. Johnson. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.75. *Artist among the Bankers.* W. Dyson. Dutton. $2. *The Pregnant Woman.* P. Brown, M.D. Eugenics Pub. Co. $2. *Urban Society.* N. P. Gist and L. A. Halbert. Crowell. $3.50.

SCIENCE

The Romance of Research. L. V. Redman, A. V. H. Mory. Appleton. $1.

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